McKean County Miner.

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AWFUL MURDER NEAR CLERMONT LAST THURSDAY.

Massanti Marcello Cruelly Killed on Lonely Road.

HIS COMPANION IS UNDER ARREST.

Ciriago Fassano is the Suspect—Considerable Evidence Found Pointing to His Guilt—It was a Murder for Money—"Billy" Jones Does Some Clever Detective Work and Gets Many Good Clues.

Massanti Marcello, an Italian section hand on the Pennsylvania Railroad between Clermont and Johnsonburg, was the victim in one of the most brutal and cold blooded murders ever committed in this county, when he lost his life on a lonely road about one mile out of Clermont on the Williamsville pike last Thursday evening.

Ciriago Fassano a fellow countryman, workman, and shantying companion, who is only 22 years of age and who has only been in this country since May 1, is now in jail as a suspect and is awaiting a hearing on the charge of murder.

Last Thursday was pay day on the Pennsylvania Railroad and Marcello and Fassano came to Clermont to draw their months wages and make a few purchases. Marcello drew $42.75 and Fassano a bit $36. They purchased a few groceries and paid some small bills about town and after taking three or four glasses of beer each, started for their cabin about two miles out of town, where they kept bachelor's hall together.

They left Clermont between 8:30 and 9 o'clock in the evening and a little over an hour later Fassano returned to the home of Frank Spadafor in that village and gave the alarm that they had been held up and he feared that his companion had been harshly dealt with.

Frank Spadafor aroused his brother and two other Italians who boarded with him and the four went out on the Williamsville pike to hunt for Marcello, Fassano staying at the Spadafor house and claiming that he was afraid to go back with them. About a mile out they found the dead body of Marcello, lying in the road. After viewing the remains they went to the home of Section Boss Peterson, who returned, with them to the scene of the tragedy. They all returned to their homes leaving the body where it was found, without notifying any authorities, there being no constable or justice of the peace in Clermont.

Friday morning Sheriff Morrison and District Attorney Mayo, in company with Constable Foote and John Ruffalo, Italian interpreter, drove to the scene of the murder, accompanied by several Clermont citizens. They found the murdered man where he laid the night before, his head crushed literally into a jelly, several deep knife wounds in his scalp and forehead and his pockets rifled of everything they contained, which consisted of about $35 in money, a cheap watch, an ordinary revolver and a bunch of keys.

Later in the day Dr. H. L. McCoy and R. C. Gleason, justice of the peace of this borough, who acted in place of Coroner Sheranan, in his absence from the county, were summoned to the scene. A coroner's jury was empannelled and, after viewing the remains, and Dr. McCoy had held an autopsy, an inquest was held. Several witnesses were sworn, giving testimony similar to the facts as previously stated in this article, and the verdict of the jury was that Massanti Marcello had come to his death at the hands of some person or persons unknown to them.

The story told by Ciriago Fassano was that he and Marcello were walking along the road they saw two men ahead of them. After a few minutes they caught up with them. They being Italians they talked with the strangers as they walked along. Fassano became suspicious when the strangers asked about how much money they had and excusing himself for a moment he dodged into the bushes. As soon as he was out of sight he said he broke into a run and hit up a lively pace through the underbrush back nearly to Clermont, before he dared to go back into the road where the traveling was easier. And it is claimed that he did not tell the same story every time he told it.

Some of Marcello's Smethport friends were not exactly satisfied that Fassano's story was true and they got ex-Constable Jones, who has met with considerable success in hunting down criminals, especially Italians, to go up and look the ground over. "Billy" struck the trail Saturday morning and so keen was he on the scent that he had sufficient evidence before night to warrant the arrest of Fassano and he brought him down to Smethport with him late Saturday night and had him lodged in the county jail.

And "Billy" has been finding things ever since, until now it looks as though they would have a pretty strong case against Fassano when he is given a hearing. About the first thing he found was that it was physically impossible for a man to make the trip through the thicket where Fassano claimed he came through in anything like the time he would have had to make it in. Another thing he found was that Fassano was not marked up from briars and bush as he naturally would have been had he gone through the thicket. He was looking around the abandoned shanty where Fassano claimed he came out of the thicket and found Fassano's hat near a wire fence. Later he found a revolver corresponding identically with the one carried by the murdered man hidden under the platform in front of the door to this shanty. He also found that the suspect had given Mrs. Spadafor $60 to keep for him the day following the murder. All these were found on Saturday before Fassano was put under arrest.

On Sunday Jones again visited the scene and made important discoveries. The suspect had claimed that he had torn about four inches off the bottom of the right leg of his trousers while going through the brush, and in his search Jones found the missing part in an outhouse in the rear of the Spadafor home. He also learned that Fassano, on Friday morning in company with another Italian went to the shanty where he and the murdered man had lived, to get a blanket to put over the dead man until the authorities arrived and that Fassano made some excuse not to accompany his companion back at the time. "Billy" went out to this shanty and made a search but found nothing. He then visited the abandoned shanty near where he found the revolver and found a bunch of keys, two of which were identified as the switch keys of the murdered man, another fitted the padlock on the shanty and two more fitted the lock on the dead man's trunk.

On Monday, Detective Jones again visited the shanty occupied by the murdered man and the suspect, and made a more careful investigation. Under the platform in front of the door he found a watch corresponding with the one owned and carried by the victim at the time of his death. This watch was wrapped in a piece of paper and placed in an empty sardine can and hidden under the porch. Fassano had purchased sardines in cans similar to this one on the day of the murder.

Again on Tuesday "Billy" visited Clermont and nearby camps and, picked up threads in the case. He found a person who indentified the watch as that of the murdered man, and another who identified the revolver. The long knife used on Marcello also has a history and he learned some facts regarding its past.

Tuesday morning Sheriff Morrison and others stripped and carefully searched the prisoner and found a $10 bill sewed up in his trousers, after he had stated that he had given all his money except a little change, to Mrs. Spadafor to keep for him.

The murdered man was about 35 years of age, and is survived by a wife and children in Italy. He formerly worked in Smethport, being employed on the section gang on the P., S. & N. R. R. He is said to have been a peaceable, well behaved man and would never make any trouble. He was about 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighed about 150 pounds, was dark like most Italians but wore a light mustache. His remains were brought to Smethport for burial.

The writer visited Ciriago Fassano in the county jail yesterday morning and found him to fairly good looking Italian about 22 years of age, about 5 feet 4 inches tall and will weigh about 145 pounds. He is fairly light complectioned for one of his race and although he has only been in this country since last May, he speaks a little English fairly well. He was laying on his bunk, when we entered but came forward to take a proferred cigar and asked for a match in plain English. He does not look particularly villianous and does not seem to be greatly worried over his present condition.

A few students can yet be accommodated in the dormitories of the Lock Haven State Normal School for the fall term beginning Sept. 6th. The school is usually filled during the entire year, hence the number of rooms are limited. You will make no mistake if you select this thoroughly established school. Write for a catalog.

Horses for Sale

At Palmer's Livery, 2 Horses for sale including one 1200 pound worker.

A. T. Palmer.
Smethport Pa.

POMONA GRANGE FIELD DAY A GREAT SUCCESS.

Large Crowd Attended Meeting at Coryville Last Friday.

NOTED SPEAKERS WERE PRESENT.

The National Master and State Master Delivered Addresses—Many Athletic Events — Good Music and a Good Time For All.

Last Friday was a great day for the Grangers and their friends of this county, it being the seventh annual field day and picnic of McKean County Pomona Grange. Early in the day members of this organization commenced coming into the well appointed grounds at Coryville and before noon fully 1500 if not 2000 people were present.

All or nearly all had brought well filled baskets, put up by the best cooks in the county, and when the hour of noon arrived many heavily ladened tables were surrounded by many more hungry people, eager to enjoy the good things before them. The writer arrived a little late, and without a basket as usual, but he was more than amply fed by those who had enough and to spare.

Dinner over the Eldred band rendered some excellent selections, which was followed by some excellent speaking by noted men. A. O. Abbey of Liberty Grange, presided and introduced Leo Godling of the same grange who delivered a very pleasing address of welcome, which was ably and wittily responded to by D. C. Young of Fidelity Grange. Next came an address by Hon. Nathan J. Bachelder, ex-Governor of New Hampshire and master of the National Grange. This gentleman has been a farmer all his life, and being an able speaker, he touched the hearts of his hearers with his clean cut, concise remarks. He told of the growth and good work of this great organization and gifted its possibilities for the future. Hon. Wm. T. Creasy of Columbia county, master of the Pennsylvania State Grange, was the next and last speaker and his address was interesting and instructive. Mr. Creasy is not a wonderful orator but he is an able, pleasing and intelligent talker and there was not a person who listened to his remarks who did not derive much good from them. The speeches were interspersed by vocal music by members of various granges, which was highly appreciated. The field day events were hotly contested and unusually interesting. Prizes were offered for each event by the Grange National Bank, which added zest to the contests, the prizes which were on exhibition being coveted by all. The prizes for the different events were awarded as follows: Base ball game—Farmers Valley. Sack race—John Gale, Coryville Grange, 1st; A. Hibbard, Coryville Grange, 2nd. Tug of War—Farmers Valley, consisting of A. L. Herzog, Henry Herzog, W. P. Bookwith, James Bray, August Tanner and E. J. Martin. Ladies' potato race—Miss Edna Tanner, 1st; Mrs. Ray Mosier, 2nd; both of Valley Grange. Hop-step-and-jump—A. Hibbard, 1st; Claude Patterson, 2nd, Valley Grange. Fat men's race—Walter Daly, Fidelity Grange, 1st; J. Stull, Coryville Grange, 2nd. Ladies' 50-yard dash—Miss Edna Furman, Valley Grange, 1st; Miss Cockle, Bixford Grange, 2nd. There were about 15 contestants in this event and the race had to be run in three divisions. Ladies' peanut race—Miss Lora E. Otto, Valley Grange, 1st; Mrs. E. Stark, Fidelity Grange, 2nd.

Grand Excursion to St. Marys, Pa.

Labor Day, Monday Sept. 6th, 1909, P., S. & N. R. R. will run their Annual Excursion to St. Marys, Pa. Arrangements have been made for a ball game between The Camaseraga Nine and The P., S. & N. Shop Team, both of which clubs have established an enviable record during the present season, and much interest is aroused as to the outcome of the contest. The St. Marys Band will escort the teams to the grounds and render selections during the game. Special train leaves Smethport 10.38 a. m. Returning, train leaves St. Marys 5.00 p. m., after game. For further particulars address any P., S. & N. agent.

Edinboro students are taught to think independently, to seek proper methods, and to acquire proper habits of study. If you expect to teach come to Edinboro. Fall term begins September 7th. Catalogue free. JOHN F. BIGLER, Principal.

Four furnished rooms to let.
Mrs. M. A. Knapp.

Buy a Lawn Swing of Holmes & Gilfillan. Best in the market.

THE BROKEN HOSE

Not that of the Eureka Fire Hose Co. —An Error Explained.

In our writup last week of the broken hose we used the name of the Eureka Fire Hose Co. as the manufacturers, when the facts are that the above named company had nothing to do with the manufacture or sale of this defective hose. The hose in question was sold by the Fabric Hose Manufacturing Co. and that name should have been used instead of the Eureka Co.

The MINER management is very sorry that this mistake occurred and, therefore, without a request from the Eureka Co. hastens to make this correction.

The article of last week was writen by a young man employed in this office who is a member of the Smethport Fire Co. and at the time he wrote the article he was so certain that he was correct as to the name of the company of whom the hose was purchased that he did not verify the name, as he should have done in such an instance.

The editor was busy with other matters and the copy for this article went through without his seeing it, he assuming that there would be nothing in the article which was not absolutely correct and nothing which would put an innocent concern in a false light.

So far as the editor of the MINER knows the Eureka Fire Hose Co. makes as good hose as there is on the market and we are very sorry the mistake occurred, and we sincerely hope this article will make amends for any misapprehension the article of last week may have given our readers.

J. A. Campbell, representing the Fabric Fire Hose Co., was in Smethport yesterday, being called here by the breaking of two lengths of the new hose recently purchased by this borough from his company and which has been refused by the council. Yesterday afternoon the fire engine was taken to the dam at Herzog's mill and all the hose was tested with about 300 pounds pressure. Three more lengths showed leakages and signs of breaking. The council met last evening, for the purpose of taking action on the matter but some of the members were absent and it was decided to put the matter over to the regular meeting of the council next month. Mr. Campbell was present at last night's meeting and will be in attendance at the meeting next month. It is understood that the Fabric Co. will make good the broken hose.

LYLE-ELLINGSFELD NUPTIALS.

Beautiful Home Wedding Solemnized Last Evening.

Mr. Theron R. Lyle and Miss Bertha May Ellingsfeld, two of Smethport's most popular and progressive young people, were united in matrimge at seven o'clock last evening, August 25, 1909, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Ellingsfeld. The bride was attended by Miss Carrie Ellingsfeld, the bride's sister, and the groom by D. Warren Donaldson of Washington, Pa. The wedding march was played by Miss Mary Steele of Port Allegany who rendered Mendelssohn's wedding march.

The bride wore a gown of white hand embroidered Persian lawn with trimmings of Valenciennes lace and carried a beautiful shower bouquet of bride's roses, canite carnations and sweet peas. The house was decorated in white and red and green. The wedding party stood between two floral pillars and beneath a wedding bell. Miss Maxine Sasse was flower girl and carried a basket of pink asters. The bride's maid wore white and carried pink sweet peas.

A very dainty course luncheon was served to the guests assembled numbering about 100. The presents were numerous and beautiful consisting of hand painted china, cut glass and beautiful silverware.

The wedding ceremony was performed by the Rev. William A. Harris accompanied by the soft strains of Mendelssohn's march until the words which made the two husband and wife were spoken and then the music ceased and was not heard again until after the final prayer was spoken and the wedded couple were presented to the company to receive their congratulations.

After the congratulations were over Mr. Sanford L. Fry and Mrs. Fry took Mr. and Mrs. Lyle in their automobile and drove them to Olean where they were to take the flyer south. They are to be gone for about three weeks visiting Baltimore, Md., Newark, N. Y. and several other points. After the honeymoon trip Mr. and Mrs. Lyle will reside in Smethport.

Wanted.

A girl for general housework. Apply to Mrs. R. C. Gleason.

Have your Lawn Mower put in shape, better than new. Holmes & Gilfillan.

GREAT FREE ATTRACTION AT THE FAIR.

The Kudara Imperial Japanese Troupe Will Entertain.

FORMERLY IN N. Y. HIPPODROME.

A Few of the Big Things to be Seen at the Fair—Every Day Will be the Big Day and You Should Not Miss One of Them.

Many County Fairs are run with the idea of fooling most of the people all the time but not so our own County Fair. This fact has never been better evidenced than this year, in the program and arrangements already announced by the McKean County Fair Association, for their fifth annual Fair, September 21, 22, 23 and 24.

We will call the attention of our readers this week to the Kudara Imperial Japanese Troupe of ten people, which will be the free amusement feature in front of the grand-stand each day, between the heats of the races. We all remember the very satisfactory performances of the Japanese troupe last year at the Fair, and the management this year have been so fortunate as to be able to book this Japanese troup feeling that, no other attraction would so much please its patrons. This troup was organized and brought to this country in 1907, and furnished one of the leading amusement feature of the great Exposition at Jamestown, Virginia, that year. Last summer they filled engagements at the Toronto and Syracuse Fairs, and many others large exhibitions.

Their most successful engagement was recently completed at the Hippodrome, down in New York, which is America's foremost amusement place to-day. Manager Anderson of the Hippodrome advises the Fair management that the performances of this troup is the most wonderful ever given by Oriental artists in this country.

As will be seen from the cut on page four, they appear in their work, all gorgeously costumed in their native dress and they are adepts in the acrobatic, gymnastic, equilibristic and jugaling exercises that characterize the wily Jap. Every one of the ten is a worker, and their program is so varied that it will be difficult for them to give even one complete performance a day, so that there will be many changes in their program each day. Their most wonderful single act is the so called "Slide for Life", and it is the desire of the troupe to have this take place from the roof of the grand-stand to the ground across the race-track.

This performance will positively take place twice each day of the Fair.

Grange day, Wednesday, will be more interesting than ever before, on account of the engagement of Mortimer Whitehead, of New Brunswick, New Jersey, as speaker of the day.

Mortimer Whitehead is one of the Grand Old Men of the National Grange, who stands for the moral uplift of his fellow men. To see him is to admire him, to hear him is to love him, for he speaks from the heart. Whatever he may choose as his subject here, his audience will go away satisfied that they have heard the earnest convictions of one qualified to lead them, and filled with enthusiasm and inspiration to do the work of the farm or the shop more cheerfully and intelligently.

A great treat is in store for all who are so fortunate as to be able to hear Mortimer Whitehead on Grange Day at the Fair.

Thursday will be Bradford Day, as it is familiarly called, and on that day the Fair will be at its height, the racing card for that day will be the best of the week, in order to entertain our city cousins from Bradford, and we hope they will come over in large numbers, as they usually do. A Bradford Band will be an added attraction that day.

Friday will be School and Firemen's Day. The Interscholastic Athletic Contests and Fire Engine Exhibition and Firemen's drills and possibly Hose races will take place on that day. Friday's program will be, to many, the most interesting of the week. Motor Cycle Races will form part of the program on different days, and many other features for instruction and amusement. President Robert W. Hilton will announce the program for the horse races, this week, and from inquiries already being made by horsemen, there will be a larger and better field than ever, this year. The doings of the week will culminate in a Grand Ball at the Smethport Lyceum, which will be under the management of the Smethport Fire Department and, which every one will help to make a great success.

The price of admission to the Fair Grounds remain the same as in former years, and season tickets at one dollar each, admitting any bearer to the grounds each day, will be very popular this year owing to the excellent program provided for each day, and also to the automobile proposition. The automobile will be seen on the high ways and by-ways of the County, now in a day or so, and, as Secretary McCoy says, will speak for itself.

There is no doubt but what the Fifth Annual Meeting of the McKean County Fair Association will be the most successful one in its history, the management is meeting with every encouragement. It is to be hoped that the exhibits from the farms will be better this year, without them the Fair fails of its mission.

Farmers, again we say, do your share to provide this important feature of the McKean County Fair. And a word to our towns people, be generous in your support of the Fair management remember this is no private enterprise, if you are called upon to help in the good work, do it unhesitatingly. One thing is very noticeable, that everyone seems to be making a special effort to get our town and its beautiful streets in trim order so that we will show our brightest side to our visitors next month. There is a month left until Fair time and let everyone do their share to be ready for our visitors. Let us show them that we are proud of our Fair and be ready to bid them a hearty welcome.

AN AGED LADY GONE.

Mrs. Ransom Beckwith Passes Away Yesterday Morning.

Mrs. Ransom Beckwith, one of the oldest women in this county, died at her home on Mechanic street, this borough, at about 9 o'clock yesterday morning, aged 91 years, 7 months and 5 days. The cause of her death was the ailments due to the infirmities of old age, one of which was the filling up of her throat and lungs making it difficult for her to breathe.

Miss Elizabeth Landenberger was born in Philadelphia January 17, 1818. When 18 years of age she rode on horseback from that city to this county to make a visit to a sister living here. While here she met Mr. Bekwith and the acquaintance soon ripened into love. She returned home and four years later she again came to this county and on the 12th day of December, that year (1840) she and Ransom Beckwith were married. This union was blessed with eight children, three of whom, Mrs. C. F. Keefer and Jackson Beckwith of this borough and Mrs. Mary King of Buckley Washington, survive to mourn the demise of their aged and loving mother.

The first few years of their married life was spent on a farm near Clermont. In the spring of 1845 they moved to Smethport and resided here for three years, when they took up a residence at Wilcox for a short time. In the fall of the same year they returned to this borough and took up their residence on Mechanic street, where she and her husband resided. Last November her husband received injuries from a premature explosion of dynamite, while he was blasting out stone on the Brennan farm, from which he died at the advanced age of 91 years.

Mrs. Beckwith was a woman of many admirable qualities and although strictly a home woman of the old school she had many warm friends and acquaintances of younger generations who will greatly regret her demise. Like most women of that period she passed through many hardships and endured many privations, all of which she bore cheerfully and with the true womanly spirit of those days.

The funeral services will be held at her late home tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. W. A. Harris officiating, and her remains will be laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery, beside those of her departed husband.

Mrs. S. D. Lemen has just returned from Pittsburg and the eastern fashion centers where she has been buying new fall millinery, and creating the latest styles in millinery for the coming season. Mrs. Lemen will be in charge of the millinery department at the Lindholm Co. store.

Beside its excellent reputation in advancing students along intellectual lines the Lock Haven State Normal School is unsurpassed for its splendid advantages. Its large student body is handled as if it were a family and the welfare of each one is considered. It has a fine location and is well equipped. Address the Principal for a catalog.

Lost.

On Thursday Aug. 19th between Frog Camp, and Smethport, linen work bag, embroidered—in yellow. Contents of no value except to owner. Please return to McCoy's drug store.

THE MAN IN THE RED CAR.

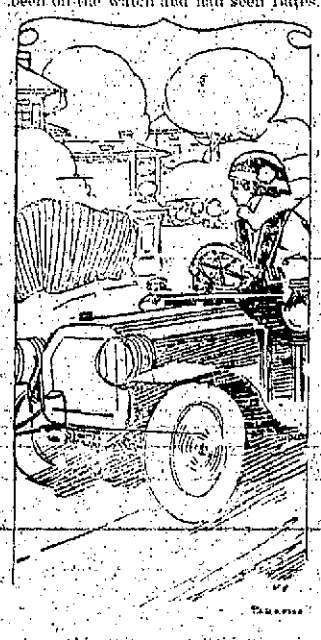
How a Stranger's Logic Turned a Runaway Girl Back Home.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

[Copyright, 1900, by American Press Association.]

Miss Leigh was running away from home. Let the fact suffice for the moment; the young lady's reasons will appear in due time.

It was about 10 of the evening, a crisp, clear night, with a bright moon in the sky. The shadows of bare branches lay black and still; they looked rigid and brittle, as if one could pick them up and break them. The door of the old coach house, recently transformed for the accommodation of automobiles, was open, and there was a light within, but Miss Leigh had been on the watch and had seen Bates



Miss Leigh had not the least idea what was the matter. She had only a fair weather acquaintance with the red car. She could run it when it behaved well, but its less amiable moods were a mystery. It was now doing its very worst. It would not budge an inch, and it continued to assail the ear of night with a most villainous racket. Miss Leigh jumped out and, after a hasty glance toward her uncle's house, turned to the refractory automobile.

"YOU FRIGHTENED ME!" SHE GASPED.

Instantly the girl was stricken into the semblance of a statue, petrified with amazement and terror. There was a man in the red car!

The thing was impossible, a nightmare, a piece of black magic. Yet the man was there. He sat directly behind the place which she had just vacated, his arms carelessly resting on the back of that very seat. A rough looking man he was, wearing a red sweater, a heavy dark jacket and a queer cap set on the back of his head.

"What's the matter?" said he in rather a pleasant voice.

The girl's hands went to her heart.

"You frightened me!" she gasped.

The fellow wagged his head slowly.

"That isn't possible," said he. "Nobody can frighten you. You have to frighten yourself. I might hurt you, but nothing in the world or out of it can scare you unless you let it."

"Where did you come from?" she demanded.

"Dreamland," he replied. "I must have been asleep when you took the car out. The first thing I knew we were on the road."

"I want you to get out and go right straight away," said she.

He smiled upon her, as it were, indulgently.

"Have you considered the subject?" said he. "Do you really wish me to go away, or do you wish me to mend the car? It's broken down, hasn't it?"

The man's perfect calm had begun to have its effect upon Miss Leigh. She felt some disposition to use her reason which terror had at first dethroned. If this fellow had meditated robbery he would not have waited so long. His opportunity was perfect when he sat behind her in the car.

"Can you mend the car?" said she. "Do you know anything about automobiles?"

"Several facts of great importance," he replied, alighting.

"What were you doing in our garage?" she demanded.

"My original intention was to meditate," said he, "but I fell asleep."

He busied himself about the mechanism of the car, and she perceived that he was not without knowledge of it. She had quite ceased to be afraid of him. Good nature seemed to radiate from the creature.

"You're a tramp," said she, "an educated tramp."

He wagged his head somewhat mournfully. "My education is not what I could wish," he said. "As to my way of life, it pleases me, and though it is looked down upon and burlesqued and made a jest of in the comic papers, I intend to stick to it. Somebody must do it, so why not I?"

"Do what," said she—"tramp?"

"If some ride, too, luxuriously through this world, others must walk," said he. "You mustn't take me for an anarchist," he added. "I'm a pillar of law and order. But my tastes are simple. I fashion my life upon a pattern of frugality which seems to bring me happiness, and I can't help wishing that the world would do the like. Society is an awful spendthrift.

"And now, young lady," he proceeded in a different and more decided tone, "there is nothing the matter with this car. If I tell you what to do you can do it, and the car will run. But shall I really be serving you?"

"What do you mean?"

"May I ask where you are going?"

"Certainly not," said she. "It is no affair of yours."

He leaned back against the car and regarded her earnestly.

"You are running away," said he.

"How dare you say so!"

"Consider, my young friend," he responded, "that it have been by accident that you came to the carriage house the instant that the chauffeur left it? What will he think when he finds the car gone? For a trifle you would not have given him cause to suspect that the car had been stolen."

"CAN YOU MEND THE CAR?" SAID SHE.

"How do you know all this?" she demanded. "You said that you were asleep."

"I merely guessed it," he replied, "but now I see that it is true. Why are you leaving home?"

"You can have no interest in me," she cried. "You ask these questions merely to emphasize your advantage. I cannot go except with your permission. Very well; name your price. But it must not be high," she added, with sudden prudence, "for I have very little."

"You have all that I ask," he said, "an excuse for your conduct. That excuse must be mine now, for if you continue your flight I shall be responsible."

Miss Leigh stood between two perils. At any moment some one might appear from her uncle's house or Bates might come flying down the road in quest of the missing car. She searched her mind for an available falsehood and failed to find one. She had already said too much. This man knew that she was running away. Any falsehood could result in questions and delay. The truth was the quickest.

"There is a guest at our house with whom my father has forced me into an engagement of marriage," she said. "I hate the man. I will never meet him again upon such terms. I am going to a friend's house in Princeton, where I shall stay until this matter can be adjusted."

The man seemed to ponder for a moment.

"You have very singular ideas," he said. "How in the world can anybody force you into an engagement of marriage?"

"You do not understand," she cried impatiently. "My father's interests are involved in this marriage."

"How?" said he.

"Oh, you will drive me crazy!" she exclaimed. "Do you expect me to stand here in the road discoursing of my personal affairs with a tramp?"

"On the other hand," said he gently, "do you expect me to assist you in an act of arrant cowardice? Why, look here! Suppose you'd been in danger in the car. You'd have expected me to save you at the risk of my own neck, and I hope I might have had the grace to try. And now I see you plunging straight at the gulf of moral degradation, and you ask me to give you a push. No; I won't do it!"

"Is it morally degrading to go to my friend's house?"

"Answer me this," said he. "Will your running away help your father?"

"I should think not!"

"Will it help the man you're engaged to?"

"I don't care whether it does or not. But it won't."

"Do you love somebody else?"

"Yes!" she cried, half frantic with impatience.

"Will this flight help him?"

"I don't know. I never thought of it. Do you wish me to say that I thought only of myself? Well, I did. I was uncomfortable to the verge of distraction, and I wanted to get away."

"What made you uncomfortable?"

"I've told you—this wretched engagement."

"Why not break it?" The fellow's manner was as bland as a May morning. "To run away, letting this engagement stand even for the few hours that must elapse before you can communicate with your people, is moral degradation. That's what I meant when I used the term. And, by the way, did you leave any word behind you?"

"No; I intended to telephone from my friend's house."

"And break the engagement?"

"Not necessarily," said she—"that is, not immediately. I hoped to temporize."

"For your father's sake?"

"Yes," said she, with hesitation. "I hoped it might do him some small good."

"This gentleman you're engaged to is rich, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"From New York?"

"Yes."

"What is he going to do for your father?"

By this time Miss Leigh had fallen into the trance that sometimes engulfs a bedeviled witness in court. She no longer had the strength or the sense to refuse an answer.

"It's something about banks," said she. "My father gets a large interest in several. It will make him very rich."

"And Mr. Waldo Kennard gives your father that opportunity because of his affection for you?"

"Yes. How did you know his name?"

"I have heard it spoken. Did you ever care for him?"

"I was fascinated. The man has an extraordinary power."

"And his wealth?"

"It may have tempted me. But all that is at an end."

"The man you really love is poor?"

"He is not rich. But surely I am going mad! Why—why on earth do I stand here babbling like this? You have made me do it. There is a shrewdness in you that is more than human. You have twisted me around your finger. You are no tramp. What are you?"

"Do you wish to go to your friend's house?"

"I think not," said she. "No; not now. No one who had talked with you for half an hour could do anything in but blood. There is a calmness about you that is contagious. And I will do you justice too. You have inspired me with a certain courage. If you can mend the car I will go home."

"And break the engagement?"

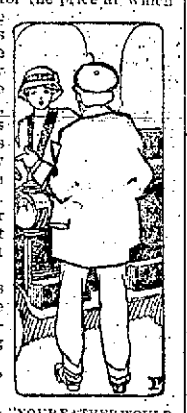
"Yes, tonight. I will end it."

He gave her his hand to assist her into the car.

"Your father will not be poorer," said he, "but I think he will be wiser."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean," said he, "that in offering certain bank stock to your father Mr. Kennard is consulting his own interests solely. His desire for your hand, if you will pardon me, is merely a blind to account for the price at which he offers the shares. He has wrecked those banks. They stand upon the brink of ruin, and now he is peddling his stock to country capitalists with city ambitions. Your father would have lost every penny that he put in."



"YOU'D FATHER WOULD HAVE LOST EVERY PENNY."

The girl was standing in the car, bending forward and looking down at him.

"Who are you?" she cried.

"To be frank with you," said he, "I am a detective in the employ of Uncle Sam, and I have a warrant in my pocket for Mr. Waldo Kennard's arrest. I was sitting in your garage, by courtesy of your Mr. Bates, meditating upon the question whether I should serve that warrant tonight or tomorrow morning, when I sank into slumber and the bottom of this car. So you ran away with me, and here I am."

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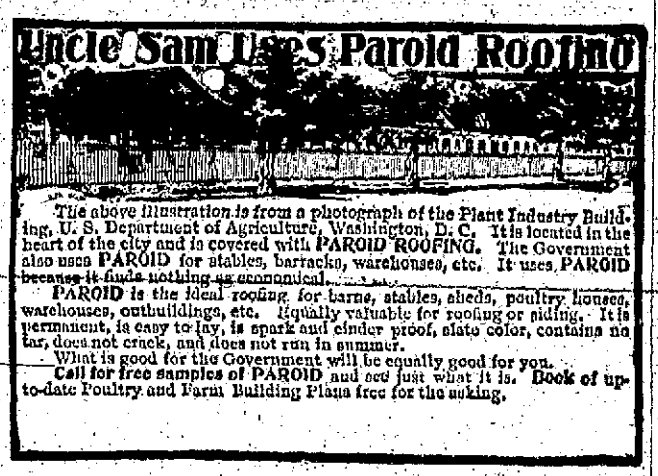

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, August 23, 1900.

—Miss Mattie Backus was confined to her home Tuesday by illness.

—Tuesday was a most beautiful summer's day in spite of the intense heat.

—Fred Hungiville has moved his household effects into one side of the double house owned by Mrs. James McGuire on union street.

—Fire was started in the tank of the Smethport Window Glass Co. last week and it is understood that operations will be resumed the 15th of next month. The alterations are nearly completed at the plant.

—Sparks circus is to show in Smethport in the near future. This place is getting to be rather isolated from the routes of tented organizations in late years. But the Sparks show comes quite regular, and is quite a favorite here.

—The well recently drilled in by the Glenn Oil Co. on the Jones farm, opposite the County Home buildings was shot last Friday afternoon. It will be a small producer. Quite a large number from this place witnessed the shooting of the well.

—Miss Anna E. Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith of Eldred was united in marriage to Mr. Oscar Wagney of Punxsutawney by the Rev. W. K. Adams in Eldred Wednesday of last week. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Andorfer of this place were among the out-of-town guests at the wedding.

—The regular Lemon Club dance was given at the Lyceum Monday evening. Over fifty couples were in attendance and dancing was enjoyed until an early hour Tuesday morning. Chadwick's orchestra furnished music for the event. Elegant refreshments were served and a most delightful time is reported.

—The following property owners are having concrete walks laid: Mrs. Mary Bissett on Main St.; Specht & Sasse, Main St.; Chas. Lemmler on Church St.; and Wm. Provin on Pine St.

—Copies of the official scale and agreement between the Window glass manufacturers and workers have been issued. The workers will receive an increase of 8 per cent over last year's scale.

—The A. Weston Lumber Co. general store at Weston's Mills, N. Y., was sold on Monday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to George Pardon & Son of Shongo, N. Y. who have taken possession. The consideration was $7,000 for the stock. The Westons had conducted this store for more than 50 years in connection with their large lumber interests. Last year's sales exceeded $31,000.

—A plant for the manufacture of gasoline from natural gas is being built at Bingham, this county. This is a new manufacturing process by which about four gallons of gasoline are taken from every 1000 feet of gas which is piped back to the well without its practical value for light or fuel purposes being impaired. The excess gas from leases in the vicinity of Bingham will be used to supply the plant. There are now several of these plants located about the country but the nearest one in this part of the state besides the one under construction at Bingham is located at Tidinte.

The best remedy we know of in all cases of Kidney and Bladder trouble and the one we always can recommend, is DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are antiseptic and at once assist the kidneys to perform their important work. But when you ask for these pills be postive that you get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. There are imitations placed upon sale to deceive you. Get DeWitt's. Insist upon them, and if your dealer cannot supply you—refuse anything else in place of them. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport; and F. H. Read, Clermont, Pa.

OUR SHRINKING EARTH.

The Contraction of the World Goes on Unceasingly.

The most mobile region in the whole of France is precisely that admirable country so privileged in other respects which extends along the Mediterranean coasts from Toulon to Menton and the Italian frontier and the still unstable base of the Alps. It is there that earthquakes most frequently come to remind France of her geological past, writes Camille Flammarion in the New York Herald.

Nice, Cannes, Toulon, Aix, Marseilles, Montpellier, Beziers, Avignon, Nimeo, Cette and Perpignon were affected more or less by the recent earthquake shock. At Lambese, near Aix-en-Provence, it appears to have been most intense, showing that the Mediterranean region is situated on the great line of fracture.

It is demonstrated by the statistics of Montessus and of Ballore that the internal contraction continues to take place.

Earthquakes have several causes. The most numerous, principal and most intense arise from subterranean sinking due to this long contraction of the globe brought about by gradual cooling. This condensation is not uniform. Folds, sinkings, displacements and deformations are produced. Maps of the geological distribution of seismic shocks show them along deep breaks in the terrestrial crust.

This work of shrinking continues unceasingly. Great earthquakes are the result of readjustments of blocks of terrestrial matter between faults which limit them.

Can these movements of the earth be foreseen? No. Statistics are insufficient or contradictory. No law of periodicity is evident. It is undeniable that these shocks have been repeated more often than the normal average during the last year, but to accuse the sun or moon or any celestial body of causing them would be daring.

No Franking Abuses.

Apropos of the franking privilege stringent regulations are being enforced on both senators and congressmen. In this connection it is told that some years ago a congressman had an express company send for a chair which was to be taken to his home. It transpired later that not only the chair, but his entire household furnishings, were forwarded under this one order. This calls up recollections of the old joke of franking a cow, which has been told and retold until it is worn threadbare. Conditions are changed now, and even in sending out government calendars senators were often notified that the matter had been held for postage. Certain officials of the postal department are detailed to look after the loss of matter sent out under the franking privilege, which is supposed to apply only to governmental affairs and not to personal correspondence. It is something new to see the desks of the congressmen and senators illuminated by rolls of gay red postage stamps for their personal use.—Joe Mitchell Chapple in National Magazine.

A British Critic on Our Navy.

Every American naval officer could, if he would, bear out my statement when I say that nearly every battleship and cruiser in the American navy is undermanned by recruits; that nearly every ship is simply nothing more than a training ship; that many of the second class vessels have nothing more than skeleton crews aboard; that to put a new first class battleship in commission means stripping at least two second class ships of all their best men. They could also admit that American men-of-war's men to a great extent come from inland states and after serving their commissions go back inland again and seldom if ever join for a second term. Personally I have met with the naval men of nearly every country under the sun, and I must honestly confess that to my mind American men-of-war's men—as far as a seamanlike appearance goes—cannot compare with those of any other nationality. They are what they seem—"landsmen dressed up in sailors' clothes."—British Marine Officer in Atlantic.

Canadian Sod Houses.

If you read that a family lives in a sod house you may conclude that poverty compels it. But this is not true on the Canadian prairies, where sod houses are the advance agents of prosperity. The homesteader who obtains a slice of that rich wheat land doesn't wait to build a regular house before starting to grab riches from the soil. Even if he were minded to build he would have difficulty in doing it, for there is no lumber handy. So it is better to wait until the locomotive catches up. If you start out from any of the towns which are springing up almost overnight in the fertile stretches of Saskatchewan or Alberta you will strike first well ordered farms and substantial houses, but if you get away ten miles or more the sod houses will begin to appear. It is not unusual to see signs of luxury about these sod houses. They are comfortable abiding places, cool in summer and warm in winter.—New York Sun.

Silundum.

Silundum, a new silicon carbide brought out in Germany, is a substitute for platinum for some heat resisting and other apparatus. In a vacuum silicon vaporizes at 1,800 to 1,900 degrees C., and the vapor unites with carbon to form silundum. The new material resists temperatures up to 1,730 to 1,800 degrees C. It is very hard, unattacked by acids in the cold or by chlorine, and may be enameled or nickel plated. A disadvantage is that it is destroyed by molten metals.

THE WHITE LADY.

Kaiser William and the Specter of the Imperial Palace.

While Kaiser William is a sincerely religious man, more so assuredly than any of his predecessors on the throne of Prussia, it is a mistake to describe him as a mystic. Indeed, superstition is foreign to his nature, so much so that he has even been known to manifest skepticism with regard to the existence of the famous White Lady, who, according to German tradition, has haunted his palace at Berlin for hundreds of years, her appearance invariably foreboding the death of a member of the reigning house. Some time ago one of the imperial footmen was summarily dismissed by order of the kaiser for having circulated a story to the effect that he had seen the dreaded specter gliding along the corridors. By a strange coincidence a young lieutenant of the guards, who happened to be on duty at the time when the servant claimed to have seen the White Lady, reported to his commanding officer on being relieved that he, too, had seen the celebrated spook. The subaltern was examined and cross examined in every possible way by his colonel, who, subsequently learning of the story of the footman, considered the matter sufficiently uncanny to feel it his duty to bring it to the notice of the kaiser. William sent for the subaltern, who entered the imperial presence even more tremblingly than when he had seen the ghost. The emperor, noticing this, asked him in kindly tones:

"What was the lady like? Was she tall or short?"

"She was tall, your majesty."

Kaiser—How was she dressed?

Lieutenant—She wore a white petticoat with a white bodice, had a white cap on her head and a long veil flowing over it all.

After a pause the emperor continued: "Was she carrying anything?"

"Oh, yes, your majesty!"

"What did she have in her right hand?"

Lieutenant—A candlestick.

Kaiser—And what was in her left hand?

Lieutenant—A box of matches.

Emperor William has a very keen sense of humor, and the idea of the White Lady, who dates from some four hundred years ago or more, promenading about the corridors of his palace carrying matches, which are an altogether modern invention, caused him to burst into roars of laughter, the young subaltern gazing at him in the meantime with open mouthed astonishment. When finally the emperor recovered his composure, he remarked kindly, but firmly:

"That will do. Don't let me hear anything more about the White Lady. And take my advice. Don't peer about in the corridors of the palace at night, for you might often see ladies there attired in white petticoats and bodices, carrying candlesticks and boxes of matches in their hands."—Metropolitan Magazine.

Says the Earth Is Flat.

The Englishwoman Lady Blount has recently been conducting some new experiments in proof of her theory that the earth is flat. She asserts that instead of being a giddy ball, whirling through space at the rate of something like nineteen miles a second, it is a fixed, immovable plane, anchored to its foundations. She bounds her belief upon the descriptions given in the Bible, but she also demonstrates her theories with calculations of her own. One of her proofs is a photograph taken with a photo-telescopic camera—which shows a river at the end of which a cross is clearly visible upon the screen. This cross was placed two feet above the level of the water and six miles from the photographers. If the earth were round, argues Lady Blount, the cross would have been below the line of vision, and the fact that it was clearly visible to the eye of the camera proves that the earth is flat. She belongs to a society called the "Flatists," and she edits a magazine called the Earth, the policy of which tends to support her theory.

Age of the Ocean.

Of course the ocean is not as old as the earth, because it could not be formed until the surface of the globe had sufficiently cooled to retain water upon it, but it seems chimerical to try to measure the age of the sea. Nevertheless Professor Joly has undertaken the task, basing his estimate upon the ratio of the amount of sodium it contains to that annually contributed by the washings from the continents. He thus reaches the conclusion that the ocean has been in existence between 80,000,000 and 170,000,000 years. This does not seem a very definite determination; but, then, in geology estimates of time in years are extremely difficult because of the uncertainty of the elements of the calculation. The most that can be said for such results is that they are probable.

Appliances For Ocean Safety.

Last year a thousand ships or more were lost. The year before the sea took nearly the same toll. To the tourist his assurance of safety lies in the fact that it is the exception, not the rule, with its dependence [illegible] that largely takes [illegible] loss. Freighters [illegible] on unfamiliar coasts [illegible] the disaster [illegible] liners, with their [illegible] well known [illegible] guarded and well [illegible] all their appliances [illegible] manifold dangers of the ocean are only the remote possibilities that give a touch of adventure to their passage from land to land. The probabilities of disaster are trifling.—L. Frank Tooker in Century.

A Word of Warning.

"You never proposed to her on your knees!" cried the veteran married man in dismay.

"Sure I did; sure," the youth repented, a glad, proud light shining in his eyes.

"Well," said the veteran, "you'll regret it about twice a week for the rest of your life. After you get married the slightest argument, the first impatient word, will cause your wife to say, 'You weren't like this when you went down on your knees and begged me, with tears in your eyes, to marry you.'"

"It's pretty bad to have an angry wife read out your old love letters reproachfully," said the veteran, "but that is nothing to being reminded of your kneeling proposal every week till you are a great-grandfather."

"You proposed on your knees yourself?" the youth hazarded.

But the veteran frowned and made no reply.—Los Angeles Times.

The Seven Wise Men of Greece.

The seven wise men of Greece were Thales of Miletus, Periander of Corinth, Cleobulus of Lyndus, Chilon of Lacedaemon, Solon of Athens, Bias of Priene and Pittacus of Mitylene. Some fishermen of Miletus sold a draft of fishes to a bystander. When the net was drawn in it contained a golden tripod, and the purchaser claimed it was his, while the fishermen contended that they sold only the fish that might be in the net. The dispute was referred to the oracle of Delphi, who awarded the tripod to the wisest man in Greece. Thereupon it was taken to Thales, who declined it and suggested that it be given to Bias. He in turn refused to accept it, and thus it was successively declined by all the seven, and they were thereafter known as the seven wise men of Greece.

The Number 4.

There are four cardinal points, four winds, four quarters of the moon, four seasons, four rules of arithmetic, four suits of cards, four quarters to the hour, four legs for furniture, most animals go on four legs, the dead are placed between four planks, the prisoners between four walls. We have four incisor and four canine teeth, and our folks have four prongs. All animals when butchered are cut into four quarters. The violin, greatest of all string instruments, has but four strings. Four of a kind is a pretty good hand at poker, even if they are only fours.—Exchange.

Dressed For the Part.

"What subject have you taken for your address at the Circle club?"

"Woman's moral obligations as a citizen."

"What a lovely subject! And what are you going to wear?"

"That new gown I brought home with me from Paris. And just think! I had it so cleverly packed in with my old clothes that the customs house inspector never discovered it at all."—Baltimore American.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levaria Facias, Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed I will expose at public sale at the premises of J. A. Winsor, in Eldred and Ceres Townships, McKean county, Pa., on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th, 1900, at 10 o'clock a. m. the following pieces of property:

Defendant's interest in all those certain parcels of land situate in the Townships of Eldred (& Ceres), County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: First parcel, Beginning at a beech the southwest corner of land contracted to A. A. & A. F. Barden, thence east two hundred and seventy perches to a post the southwesterly corner of land contracted to Patrick Welch and William Toole, lot number 288, thence south thirty-seven perches to a post, the southwest corner of land contracted to A. T. & A. Barden, lot number 318, thence east seventy perches to the southeast corner of same; thence south by township line fifteen and six-tenths perches to a post the southwest corner of land contracted to Martin Welch, lot number 405 Ceres; thence east thirty-five perches to a post the northwest corner of land contracted to Michael Mulcahy, lot number 421 Ceres; thence south eighty-seven perches to a hemlock corner of same; thence west thirty-four perches to a post the northwest corner of land contracted to A. A. Barden, lot number 425 Ceres; thence south nineteen perches to a post the N. E. corner of land contracted S. A. Canfield, lot number 287; thence west one hundred and fifty perches to a post the southeast corner of land contracted to C. C. Moses & A. T. Barden, lot number 390; thence north eighty perches to a post the northeast corner of same; thence west one hundred perches to a beech the northwest corner of the same; thence south sixty-four perches to a post the northeast corner of land contracted to S. A. Canfield, lot number 284; thence west fifty-seven perches to a post the northeast corner of same; thence north thirty-eight perches to a post corner; thence west thirty-four perches to a hemlock the southeast corner of land contracted to E. Percival, lot number 286; thence north one hundred and six perches to the place of beginning, containing 27.41 acres, more or less, being Keating lot number 290, Eldred Township, and part of Warrants 3169, 2119 & and a warrant in the name of Allen Martin. Second parcel, Beginning at a post in the southeast corner of land of John Poles, lot number 287; thence north fifty-seven & seven-tenths perches to a post the northeast corner of same; thence east forty eight perches to a post the southeast corner of land contracted to Miles F. Parshall, lot number 317; thence south fifty-seven & seven-tenths perches to a post the southwest corner of land contracted to Pat. Welch & William Toole, lot number 288; thence west forty-eight perches to the place of beginning; containing 15.4 acres, more or less, being Keating lot number 290 in Eldred Township and part of Warrant number 3169 three tenths of an acre more or less being the same as conveyed to J. A. Winsor by F. C. Waltmaur & wife by deed dated Oct. 17th, 1899, and recorded in said McKean County in deed book number 117 at page 115, &c., to which reference is had. Third parcel: Beginning at a post the southwest corner of land contracted to W. O. & S. A. Canfield, lot number 287; thence east 121 perches to the southeast corner of lot number 287; thence south 63.4 perches to a post corner; thence west 121 perches to the southeast corner of lot number 288; thence north 63.4 perches to the place of beginning, containing 48 acres and being Keating lot number 289 in Warrant number 3185, Eldred Township. Fourth parcel, Beginning at a post the northwest corner of land of William Canfield, lot number 311; thence north 30 perches to a beech corner, thence east 100 perches to a post corner; thence south 80 perches to a post corner; thence west 100 perches to the place of beginning, containing 50 acres and being Keating lot number 290 in Warrant number 3185, Eldred Township. The last two parcels being held by the mortgagor herein by contract from Byron D. Hamlin by contract dated May 24, 1900.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame house with wing attached, spring of water, fruit trees.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. A. Winsor, at suit of Hamlin Bank & Trust Co., assignee of Henry Hamlin & Son.

F. D. Gallup, plaintiff's attorney.

WM. H. MORRISON, sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., August 11, 1900.

EARLY RISERS

The famous little pills.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **F. H. Hungiville,** SMETHPORT

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Fine TOBACCO. FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1oo per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.oo per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.oo each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday Aug. 19, 1909.

WALTER WELLMAN has returned. He did not bring the North pole with him.

THE financial world feels more at ease. E. H. Harriman has returned home from abroad much improved in health.

PRESIDENT TAFT is proving himself to be an economical executive. It is said that he will save the country about $50,000,000 a year.

DESPITE the claims of the calamity howlers that the tariff is worse than it was before the revision, the business of the country is looking brighter every day and the next three years promise to be world beaters for good old Republican prosperity.

THE hardest drought of the season struck Alabama on Saturday last when the Fuller bill passed the Senate almost without opposition, and went to the Governor, who will sign it. The Fuller bill prohibits drinking in any place but homes, gives officers the right to raid and destroy all liquors found, and makes the presence of an internal revenue license prima facie evidence of guilt. The provision against newspapers and magazines advertising liquors was cut out by a unanimous vote.

JOHN C. BENTON of Louisville argues in a long pamphlet that prohibition is illegal on the ground that it takes private property without due process of law, impairs the obligations of contracts and deprives citizens of vested rights. If that is the case, the Federal courts are open as well as State courts, and justice can be had by appeal to them. The pamphlet is a useless weapon even if its argument is sound, though it is fairly so in the case of Mr. Benton. In fact, the holdings of the highest Federal court are such as to lead us to wonder why the liquor interests do not get a case before it that shall squarely cover the right of States to enact prohibition laws.

THE strike at McKee's Rocks is no nearer settled than it was a week ago. Saturday and Sunday terrible riots took place and several people were killed and over a hundred wounded, most of them being strikers. However there has been no bloodshed since Monday. It has been charged that peonage has been practiced by the company and the department of justice at Washington has taken cognizance of the charge and has dispatched a special agent to investigate the conduct of the Pressed Steel Car Company's plant at Schoenville. This is a wise move. If the new men employed in the plant, or any of them, are detained against their will, bound to serve whether they desire to or not, deprived of their liberty because of oppressive obligations to the company in which they had no voice or choice, then it is time that the truth be developed. If it shall be found that such is the fact now, or that at any time since the strike began this unlawful method of shackling labor has been resorted to, the public will be informed and the government will be looked to to prosecute and punish the offenders.

COMES FAMILY REUNION.

The Ninth Annual Meeting was held Thursday, Aug. 19, 1909, at Frog Camp.

The weather was perfect, Chef Heath and wife were on the scene early. A. C. Holder, Elton Holder and families were the first Thursday arrivals. They were soon followed by the decendents of the Comes family from far and near the attendance reaching 105.

Dinner was served at 12:45. Business meeting called at 2 o'clock by A. C. Holder, Vice-President. Minutes of 1908 meeting read also Treasurer's report which were accepted as read. Secretary read communications from Flora Dunn, Flora C. Burns, Lena De Huss and Mrs. Ellen Eastwood sending regrets that they were unable to be present and wishing health and success to all attending the reunion. The time and place of the next meeting remains unchanged. The officers elected for the coming year were as follows: President, Florilla Ramsey; Vice-President, A. C. Holder; Secretary, Burdette Dickinson; Treasurer, Austin Holder.

The Vice-President appointed the following Committee for 1910: Floral Shaffer, Ida Hohler, Ethel Billingsley, Elton Holder and Harry Howard.

Near five o'clock great activity was noticed in the Heath family. Soon Chef Heath was on deck with jugs, pails, cans, boilers, paddles, etc., etc. The contents of these different receptacles were placed in the boiler and while being mixed by Eva the Chef went through a series of passes, facial maneuvers and a few phrases said in a low tone of voice that the curious audience could not understand, resulted in the making of the "Finest Clam Chowder" that was ever served. This with other eatables was served at about six o'clock and every one present enjoyed the meal and the Heaths received so many compliments that Elmer was forced to go bare headed all the next day.

This being over the assemblage was shocked to see Burdette Dickenson drive up to the pavilion with two pretty and attractive ladies. They were soon made welcome and after partaking of Heath's Clam Chowder were ready with the others for the evening dance.

The dances in the afternoon and evening were a great success. Music was furnished by Chadwick's orchestra and the calling was done by B. T. Downey, H. H. Gallup, F. D. Gallup and J. B. Oviatt. "Johnny" got the dances some what mixed up in his here and there dance, but they kept going and all survived.

The owners of the cottages participated in the refreshments and dancing and many of the families living near Frog camp were invited and present.

A few families were conspicuous by their absence but they were the losers, for every one attending had a glorious time and went home determined not to miss the next year's Re-union.

***

A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT.

Great Southern Lumber Co. makes Mammoth Shipment to Africa —Smethport Capitalists Interested in Company.

The New Orleans Daily Picayune of last Thursday says: One of the most notable achievements in the way of filling a large order for export was that accomplished by the Great Southern Lumber Company of Bogalusa, during the last few days, when within twenty-five days after receiving an order for 3,000,000 feet of lumber of special sizes for use in the diamond mines in Africa, the shipment was on its way to its distant destination.

Franklin Greenwood, general sales manager of the Great Southern Lumber Company, with headquarters in Chicago got the big order, which was sold through the Standard Export Company of New Orleans. The order called for 3,000,000 feet of lumber and timbers, from 5-6 to 18-20, and from 25 to 50 feet in length. It was a hurry order, for the diamond mines in South Africa, and all the resources of the greatest saw mill in the world were taxed to execute it in record time. The trees were brought in to the great mill in full lengths and the great timbers were turned out in wonderful time. In just twenty days after the mill started on the order the whole shipment was ready. It was started to Slidell on the Great Northern road, and there put into Pearl River, where monster rafts were formed, and these were towed around Mississippi Sound to Gulfport, where the steamship Barkston, chartered by the Standard Export Company to carry the big cargo, was waiting for it. It took a few days to load it, and then she sailed for Delagoa Bay, where the timbers will be transhipped by rail to Johannesburg.

This is the only instance on record where one sawmill has supplied the complete cargo of a big ship for Africa, and no other plant in the world could have filled the order in such remarkably short time. The timbers are all of yellow pine, and are designed for use in the great diamond mines near Johannesburg and for railroad work.

General Manager W. S. Sullivan, of the Great Southern Lumber Company, is naturally very much gratified at the record made by his mill. He says it proves that the mill is fully able to do what it was planned to do—to execute large orders on short notice. This timber was all cut specially for this job, and it is the first time that a South African timber schedule has ever been cut and shipped exactly as ordered. The great plant at Bogalusa can cut 600,000 feet a day or twenty-two hours, and is now running to full capacity with 1,500 men on the rolls. The Goodyears, who built the mill were given practical testimony of the scope of their enterprise.

This mammoth company is capitalized at $15,000,000 and about one sixth or nearly $3,000,000 worth of the stock is owned by Smethport citizens.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address,

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House. Smethport, Pa.

The Kudara Imperial Japanese Troupe, at the McKean County Fair Sept. 21-24

A STRENUOUS DAY.

Friday was all of that for County Commissioner Devlin.

Last Friday was evidently a low ebb day for County Commissioner John P. Devlin. Friday morning he started for Port Allegany with the county team to look after a relief case near that place. Upon reaching John Bush's farm on Bush hill the bolt holding the whiffletree of the rig dropped out and the horses took fright. In their evolutions the animals extricated themselves from the harness holding to the rig and started to run away. The County Commissioner while still seated retained his hold on the reins and with the rig was pulled for some distance when the horses suddenly turned around, bringing the hands holding the reins in sharp contact with one of the side lamps of the carriage, demolishing it. Mr. Devlin managed to get out of the vehicle and quieted the team, which he placed in Mr. Bush's barn.

After telephoning Supt. Brenneman at the County Home to come and get the rig he walked back to Smethport and took the train for Port where it was necessary to visit a doctor as his right wrist was quite badly wrenched by the accident. Mr. Devlin hired a rig at Port to transact his business and on the return trip into that place one of the axles broke and another runaway nearly resulted. In spite of the obstacles encountered the Commissioner completed his business in a most satisfactory manner.

A SMETHPORT BALL PLAYER

"Buke" Servatius has been Traded From Youngstown to McKeesport in O. & P. League

Albert Servatius, a Smethport boy who has been playing winning ball with the Youngstown team of the O. & P. league has been sold to the McKeesport club of the same league. In exchange for him the management gets Ontcher "Silver" Grann and cash this season. Servatius was secured for the Youngstown team from Columbus by Manager Wright three years ago and for some time previous to his exchange has been captain of the team. It is understood that he desires the change to McKeesport. It is also understood that "Buke" may travel in faster company next year and he deserves to, as he is a classy ball tosser. Servatius played excellent ball with the Smethport ball team for many years, but for the last four or five seasons has been traveling in professional circles and has been more than making good. His many Smethport friends like to see him progress.

Former Bradford Woman Shot.

Harry Sommers Weems, a traveling man shot his wife while the couple were walking on Niagara street Buffalo Tuesday evening and then turned the weapon upon himself, firing two bullets into his body. They were taken to the general hospital and it is expected that both will recover.

Mrs. Weems, who had been visiting her mother, Mrs. E. B. Davis of Bradford for the past three weeks, left Tuesday for Buffalo to meet her husband who was coming from Chicago. The couple met in the Statler Hotel and Weems asked his wife for money. He was intoxicated and had been on a spree for a week. Mrs. Weems had recently sent her husband $200 and he had apparently been spending it. It is thought that he desired to obtain more money from his wife. Mrs. Weems refused to turn over any more cash to him and Weems exhibited a revolver and told his wife that he would shoot her if the money was not forthcoming. Under some pretext Mrs. Weems secured the gun and removed the cartridges.

A little later the couple went for a walk, Mrs. Weems thinking this might sober her husband. While walking along the street the man suddenly turned and fired two shots into her body and then turned the gun on himself.

Laundry Work.

Having taken the Agency of the City Steam Laundry of Bradford, Pa., we therefore will be pleased to call for your patronage and promise you good service. Work guaranteed, as this laundry is noted for doing the finest work in this section of the country. Have your work ready early, and oblige,

Yours very truly,
A. E. MORRISON,
PAUL APPLE.
Smethport, Pa., 'Phone No. 125. 80-4t

Some second hand furniture at Dr. Pierce's residence fine condition and dirt cheap, call early.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 14, 1909:

Mulvahill, Robt.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

We Can Secure Buyers for Farms Near Smethport.

We are getting ready to issue a 16 page farm bulletin and want to increase the number of farms on our list. We would like to list a number of desirable farms near Smethport. We list farms free of charge, advertise them widely, reaching 4,000,000 people a week and if a buyer can be found we find him. When the sale is closed and you have your money, then you pay us a small commission, depending on the price of the farm. We have been very successful in selling farms and can sell yours if anybody can. If you desire to sell your farm write us today telling us the number of acres, price terms and whether you desire to sell stock and tools. Then we will send you a listing blank and as soon as that is signed and on file in our office, we will start a lively advertising campaign and get busy finding you a buyer. Our service has pleased hundreds of farm owners, it will please you. No other agency gives such a live, satisfactory service. Write, or if in a hurry, use the telephone.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition of Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,
SMETHPORT, PA.,
at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909

RESOURCES.

Banking House	$ 19,684.71
Bonds	187,418.90
Loans	570,589 87
Cash	22,631.21
Due from Banks	88,514.47
	$888,844.16

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$200,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	31,701.38
Deposits	557,142.78
	$888,844.16

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits. Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.

FARMERS,
Look out for BUGS and BLIGHT!
Paris Green,
Bluestone,
Helebore,
and everything in the Druggists' line fresh and new at the
A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.

Chas. M. Provin
has rented the shop in the rear of Armstrong's drug store and is prepared to do all kinds of
HORSESHOEING, BLACKSMITHING and WOODWORK
A share of your patronage is solicited.
Chas. M. Provin

SCHOOL DAYS
are here again and so is the best line of
"WIDOW JONES" SUITS
for the Boys, also a first-class line of School Shoes and we make the SPECIAL DISCOUNT of
10 per cent.
on all our Boys' Suits and Shoes for Saturday. Come and get the boy a New Suit and Shoes for school.

H. W. RUBIN
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
$10.60 from SMETHPORT
—TO—
Atlantic City,
Cape May,
Wildwood, Sea Isle City or Ocean City
Anglesea, Holly Beach or Avalon, N. J.
September 3, 1909
Tickets good going on trains leaving at 10:18 a. m. and 4:38 p. m. on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.
STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA
allowed on going trip until day following date of excursion, or within final limit returning, if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.
Full information of Ticket Agents.
J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager
GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent

Confectionery
One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.
PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.
H. C. WELLS.
SMETHPORT, - PENNA.

Pennsylvania Railroad.
FAIR and RACES
—AT—
OLEAN, N. Y.
SEPTEMBER 6 TO 10, 1909
EXCURSION RATES will be sold on above dates, good returning until September 11, inclusive, from EMPORIUM, CLERMONT, BRADFORD, WARREN, ROCHESTER, EAST AURORA, and intermediate Stations at
REDUCED RATES
Consult Ticket Agents.
J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager
GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent

...BUY...
Lowney's Confectionery
—AT—
McCoy's Drug Store

PICKLES
A Few Bargains in SWEET, MIXED and SOUR PICKLES in bottles, also PEARL ONIONS in bottles.
Every day is Bargain Day at
G. W. BRENNAN'S,
THE CASH GROCER.

The Lindholm Co.

Headquarters for McCall's Patterns

Store open Monday and Saturday Evenings

Only two more days remain, and then our sale will come to a close. Take advantage of the great reductions here to-morrow and Saturday, and you will profit greatly for the time spent here.

Linen Special

15c unbleached all Linen Towling, 19 inches wide special for balance of this week $0.11

12c bleached Pure Linen Towling 18 inches wide special for Friday and Saturday 9½

8c Unbleached Cotton 1 yd wide, special price ..... .06

$1.50 heavy rubber door mats, size 18x27, special price ..... .79

All Wool Tailored Suits, Shirts and Jackets reduced ⅓ and ¼ of the regular price.

Ladies' Low Cut Shoes in Brown, Patent, Tan and Suede leathers, regular price $3.50, sale price $2.50

Ladies' $3.00 Low Cut Shoes in Tan and Black sale price 2.60

Men's Furnishings

50c Overalls ..... .39

$2.00 Unionsuits 1.50

$1.50 Unionsuits 1.00

The Lindhom Company

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

DALY & GARLICK

Special Sale on

REFRIGERATORS

—and—

Hammocks
Binder Twine
Grain Cradles

—AT—

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 19, 1909

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Schools open Monday.

—Sparks' circus is coming Sep. 7.

—The Anderson & Carlson building is fast nearing completion.

—Mrs. Guy H. McCoy entertains a number of ladies at her home this evening.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hamnar, Thursday August 19, 1909 a daughter.

—The Kirwin Window Glass Co.'s plant at Eldred resumed operations last night.

—Port Allegany horsemen are going to hold a horsetraders' convention in that place.

—A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs Benmen Hyde of Keating township last Monday.

—Miss Beulah Holder entertained a party of friends last evening at her home on King street.

—Mrs. Victor B. Bouton entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Water street last evening.

—The fourth annual reunion of the Stark families was held Wednesday at Beechwood Grove, Bartville.

—Mrs. Harry Haley of DeGolia underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Bradford hospital Friday.

—The stone masons completed their work on the new Holder building Saturday. Bricklaying will be started at once.

—Leslie Call, a farmer living near Scio, N. Y., was gored to death by a maddened bull on his farm on Tuesday of last week.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Kernan, Tuesday Aug. 17, 1909, a son. This will be pleasing news to the many friends of Mrs. Kernan, (nee Flora Parsons) in this place.

—Congressman Chas. F. Barclay is making an extended Pacific coast trip. The Press received a post card from him dated Butte, Montana.—Emporium Press.

—Joe, the young son of T. Kerns of this place is seriously ill with pneumonia. It is said that the case is quite a serious one. Dr. Ostrander is attending him.

—Forest fires have started along the right-of-ways of the B., R. & P. and Erie railroads and oil men through the Ormsby field are busy keeping them from spreading.

—The Fair Association has placed $100 at the disposal of the Smethport Fire Department for the purpose of carrying out the program for Firemen's Day at the Fair.

—The new Maxwell automobile to be given away by the McKean County Fair Association arrived in town yesterday afternoon. It is a handsome little car and attracts much attention.

—Mr. Ellery A. Eschenfelder and Miss Clara R. Lewis both of Port Allegany were united in marriage by Justice R. C. Gleason at his office in this borough on Tuesday, Aug. 24, 1909.

—A millinery department is to be added to the store of the Lindholm Co. in this borough. Mrs. S. D. Lemen will have charge of this new feature at the store. She is an expert in that line.

—Olean has had a series of incendiary fires, the latest one occurring Monday evening, when the Hub factory located near the Pennsylvania Railroad shops, was destroyed. The loss is over $5,000. There is no clue as to the identity of the firebug.

—The extensive and complete plant, fixtures, material, etc., of the North Eastern Terra Cotta company in Bradford, were sold at auction Monday morning at 10 o'clock by Frank C. Whitling, acting as trustee for the creditors. William Hanley received the property on his bid of $14,025. The purchase price paid is understood to have been about one fourth the cost of the plant and its equipment.

—Miss Minnie C. Benson and Oscar W. Hogstedt of LaGrange, Ill., were married at the home of the bride's parents in Colegrove on Wednesday, Aug. 25, 1909. The happy couple have the best wishes of many friends in this vicinity.

—The Olean Herald office on Union St. Olean was visited by a bad fire Friday evening causing heavy loss. The second floor of the building occupied as offices, editorial, business, etc., was gutted and so was the third floor on which were located the Herald's linotype machines and they were badly damaged. The origin of the fire is a mystery.

—Rev. E. N. Turner shipped his good yesterday to Melita, Manitoba. He will leave next Monday or Tuesday and the family leaves many friends here who regret their departure.—Eldred Eagle. Mr. Turner who has been pastor of the Baptist churches in Eldred and Smethport for some time past recently resigned his pastorate.

—Mrs. R. C. Gleason entertained forty ladies at a porch luncheon Wednesday in honor of her guests, Mrs. R. C. Gifford and Miss Felch of Chicago and Mrs. Ricketts of Kane. Other out-of-town guests were Mrs. Hamlin and Mrs. Seger of New York, Mrs. Alberts of Washington, D. C., Mrs. Mitchell of Erie and Miss McCoy of Augusta, Pa.

—At a recent meeting of the school board Cecil Metzgar who was expelled from this school for taking part in the commencement affair, was reinstated, he proving that he had no part in the affair. Denber Simpkins and Frank Hacket, who were also expelled, are circulating a petition among our citizens praying that judgment be suspended on them.

—There is no question but that a tremendous crowd of people will be in Smethport, Sept. 7. Everybody will want to see the big new Sparks' Shows. The reputation of this show as the finest of its kind in the country is now firmly established. Its hundreds of special and extraordinary features will afford a day of rare enjoyment and valuable instruction to everybody.

—Frank Roefovia the murderous Italian who attempted to cut the throat of Charles Maurer in the Johnsonburg paper mill on July 21 has been captured in New York and will be brought back to Elk county for trial. Roefovia attacked Maurer with a long knife and inflicted a terrible wound in big neck. Maurer miraculously escaped death and will testify at the Italian's trial.

—Miss Stella Tate who was a former teacher in the city schools here where she made hosts of warm friends and who has been the guest of Mrs. D Forsythe at Smethport during the past week, left Monday for Chautauqua, where she will spend a week. She expects to sail from New York for Porto Rico, where she will resume her school duties on September 11th.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Mrs. Jas. D. Anderson, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Frank P. Isherwood, fell and broke one of the bones in her right wrist last Thursday evening. She and her daughter were calling on Mrs. B. F. Wright and in walking across the highly polished floor she slipped, with the above result. Dr. Chadwick was called and reduced the fracture, and Mrs. Anderson is getting along nicely at this writing.

—A little girl fell from one of the big rocks at Rock City Thursday and while she was bruised somewhat and considerably frightened, she sustained no fractures. The child is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Read of No. 111 William street, Bradford. She was with a small picnic party at the rocks and while seeing the wonderful formations got too near the edge of one and plunged to the ground a distance of over 20 feet.

—The Main street side of the roof of E. W. Jones' livery stable has been transformed this week into a huge signboard bearing an advertisement of Bull Durham smoking tobacco. The sign can be plainly read at considerable distance and includes an almost life sized picture of the familiar bull. The work was done by H. D. Beaver and W. L. Austin of New York, who are traveling about the country doing this work for the tobacco company. The sign is a fine piece of work

—It is understood that the frost Sunday morning and the hot sun which followed it destroyed hundreds of acres of corn, buckwheat and potatoes on the big level in this county between Mt. Jewett and Kane, fields look as if they had been divasted by fire The acreage of buckwheat and potatoes planted this year was larger than usual. The loss to the farmers will run into many thousands of dollars. As far as can be learned, no particular damage was done to the crops in the vicinity of this place.

—County Commissioner Devlin was in the city Monday to see if a fellow by name of Wilsey whose home is across the river, couldn't be compelled to support his wife and five children, an order of relief for them having been asked for. Devlin will see to it that support is forthcoming in the future. Wilsey has a strong earning capacity and claims to be perfectly willing to support the family, but neighbors say that he neglects to do so, hence the application to the county authorities. He's a sporty duck and it is said places his hard-earned sheckles elsewhere.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Personal Mention.

Miss Jennie Kohn is visiting in Bradford this week.

Lloyd Armstrong left yesterday for a visit in Buffalo.

Miss Rose Allen returned Monday from Chautauqua.

Norm Kieffer of Olean was a Smethport vistor this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Clayton Buckus were Eldred visitors Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCarthy spent Sunday in Johnsonburg.

Miss Margaret Durst of Coudersport is a guest of Miss Fay Knapp.

Miss Margaret Durst, of Coudersport, is a guest of Miss Fay Knapp.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Soull returned Friday from a four week's trip.

Miss Maud Frost left this morning for Philadelphia to visit her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Irons attended the Stark reunion at Bartville Wednesday.

Miss Mayme and Floyd Hinman returned to their home in Erie, Pa., Saturday.

Mrs. R. Juneberry and three daughters of Jamestown are visiting friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Volney Coleman of Port Allegany passed Sunday with relatives in this place.

Mrs. George Howe and children are spending the week at Instanter and Johnsonburg.

Miss Violet Campbell who has been spending her vacation in Perry, N. Y., has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Colegrove have returned from a short visit with relatives at Mina, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. George Beaumont, Jr., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Morey over Sunday.

President Woodland of the Sugar Grove Seminary was a Smethport visitor during the past week.

Mrs. G. H. Denning returned Monday from Buffalo where she has been the guest of Mrs. Chas. Hartmayer.

Don McPherson left yesterday afternoon for his home in Rixford, after spending some time in this vicinity.

Miss Florence Rogers of Elmira, N. Y., is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Morey of East Smethport.

Charlie Miller and sister, Mary, of Guffey, Pa., were over Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Miller and family.

Mrs. John Cunningham and two children of Johnsonburg are visiting the former's sister, Mrs. John McCarthy.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Sartwell, and daughter, Margaret, departed last Thursday for a visit with friends at Warren.

Col. Mellville Gillette left last Thursday for New York, where he sailed on Saturday for an extended European trip.

Miss Lena Crosborn has resumed her work as organist in St. Luke's church after an extended visit in Erie, Cleveland and Pittsburg.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman who recently sold her millinery stock to The Lindholm Company is preparing to leave Smethport, and contemplates locating in Cleveland, Ohio.

Samuel E. Bell returned home last evening from Wyoming, where he is interested in the oil business. Mrs. Bell and son met him in Buffalo with their touring car.

John O'Reilly and son, Robert and J. Helme of Pittsburgh and Mrs. Barker and daughter of Corry came up in Mr. O'Reilly's car and are the guests of M. O'Reilly and family.

Mrs. Claud Mullins and sister, Miss Jennie Holmes of Shinglehouse visited Smethport relatives the latter part of last week. They returned home in Hon. J. W. Bouton's automobile Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Pancoast of New York, who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Hamlin a few days last week, went to Olean on Sunday where they will make a short visit before returning home.

Mr. Helm and John O'Reilly and son, Robert of Pittsburg spent several days in Smethport last week enroute home from the Illinois oil fields in Mr. O'Reilly's automobile. They left this place Sunday for Pittsburg and were accompanied by Mrs. Barker as far as Corry and by Mrs. T. H. Purtle who will visit Mrs. O'Reilly in Pittsburg.

J. B. Schoolar and cousin, David Schoolar of Rochester are visiting the former's parents in town this week. David who is less than 12 years of age, is said to be a wonder at the piano. For a year past he has been playing in public and he has many unusually complimentary press notices. He is a bright looking little fellow who is bound to win favors in the musical world. After playing at the National Theater in Rochester the Times of that city says: David Schoolar the young Rochester pianist, who will undoubtedly experience a great future, pleased the audience immensely yesterday. Considering his age, he is a marvel, playing classical music of the most difficult kind. This young boy is at home while playing the piano, and in years to come his name promises to be seen among the leading players.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

A Lace and Embroidery Sale

Edges, Insertions, Beadings, Allovers, Bands, Applique

We have gone through our Lace and Embroidery stocks and sorted out all the small lots—pieces containing from one to ten yards and made the prices so low that they should be cleaned up in a hurry.

The reductions range from a fourth to a half off our regular prices. They are ranged in six lots as follows:

Lot 1	Lot 2	Lot 3	Lot 4	Lot 5	Lot 6
3c	8c	13c	18c	28c	38c

Special Clearance Prices on all Summer Stocks

FRY & COMES

Smethport, — — Penna.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

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Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

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Quality Grocers

TRY FROU-FROU---the New Dutch Delicacy
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FRESH POTATO CHIPS

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ATLAS E-Z SEAL & MASON IMPROVED FRUIT JARS

See what $2.50 Cash will buy on Friday and Saturday this week:

$2.50 Combination		Regular Price		
½ sack W. P. Flour	$0.95	½ doz. Bananas	.13	
6 lbs. Granulated Sugar	.30	1 lb. Crackers—Soda or Butter	.10	
1 lb. Brighton Blend Coffee	.25	1 "Kellog's" Toasted Corn Flakes	.10	
6 bars Oak Leaf Soap	.25	1 lb. "Jipco" seeded raisins	.10	
½ lb. best Uncolored Japan Tea	.25	1 can Old Dutch Cleanser	.10	
1 can fancy Corn	.12			$2.75
1 lb. best Rice	.10	Our Special Cash Offer		$2.50

WM. MONHEIMER.

COME

To Our Store This Week

and take advantage of some

Splendid Values

that will be offered. You will find many choice bargains in Clothing for men and boys. Hats and Furnishings, and you will surely want some of them.

Just Take a Look at Our Window.

MONHEIMER'S

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one the runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smosh and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. — Smethport

THE LIGHT OF THE LILIES.

An Unexpected Harvest For the Artist Who Turned Gardener.

By BELLE MANIATES.

[Copyright, 1900, by Associated Literary Press.]

He was an artist, ordained by his Maker and indorsed by the Royal academy, but because one to whom he had made a plea had broken faith he had drawn a brush of fresh paint across his last picture and locked the studio door.

Then he had gone down to a little place in the valley. Here he painted fields of lilies, toiling from morning late until the lowing cattle at twilight. Then he went into the tiny, tumble-down cottage and sought his sea of dreams. He worked steadily in his flower fields, watching and waiting for the fulfillment.

One morning he looked out upon a sea of lilies, white, purple and pink tinted. "The only true picture I ever made," he thought.

Many persons rode down the little crossroads to see the wondrous field, and many a car honked brazenly at his door that imperious, dust coated woman might demand a purchase of lilies.

"I love flowers too well to sell them," he always replied to such as these, but to the humble wayfarer, to the wistful eyed children, he was a generous giver.

One day a phaeton stopped in the roadway, and the occupant, a slender girl, came down the path. She did not ask the stereotyped question.

"You have so many lilies," she said, half timidly. "Will you spare me a few?"

He did not answer for a moment. He was comparing the faint flush under pearly her exquisite native with the shades of his lilies.

"Are they for some one who is ill?" he asked gently.

"For one who has been ill," she made answer.

He understood. "Do you want the white ones?"

"No; the pink, please, if I may."

He cut ruthlessly of his purest lilies. "I wish I could do more than thank you," she said as they came back to the doorway. "If there is anything I can do for you inside," glancing within.

"I keep it clean," he answered, amused.

"Yes, but a man can't tidy," you know."

"And how do you know," he asked, "that I haven't a woman about to 'tidy' for me?"

"You and your lily fields are far-famed. I live ten miles from here, but I have heard of you as living here alone and that you refuse lilies to people who ask for them."

"And yet you ventured?"

"I had driven past and seen them. I knew that one who worked among such beautiful flowers must love them and one who loved them would not refuse me if he knew"—

"I would not have refused if you had asked me to give them to you for yourself," he replied quickly.

"I must go," she said presently.

"Is it far to—to the place where you are taking the lilies?"

"Five miles from here—halfway to my home."

"Any time that you come," he said earnestly, "I shall cut the lilies for you."

At twilight he walked to the cemetery and searched jealously for a grave decked with his lilies. His heart gave a bound when he found that it was a tiny mound. On the second day he picked lavishly of his lilies and walked again to the cemetery, covering the little grave with the pink-white lilies. Two days later he saw her phaeton stopping before the house.

"Oh, it was you!" she cried breathlessly. "You took fresh lilies."

"Yes, it was I," he replied. "I shall be glad to take them again."

"My little sister was blind," she said simply.

"Light brings no happiness." And after a moment he asked, "Will you not come in and see my little house?"

She gave a little cry of pleasure at the simplicity and the few skillful touches of his artist hand.

"You must be very lonely here," she said.

"I have the lilies," he reminded her, "and—memories."

"Have you, too," she asked softly, "lost some one?"

"Yes, but not in the best way—not by death. It is a comfort, surely, to mourn for one who is dead—only dead."

He looked into her startled eyes and felt a sudden shock of knowledge. Had he really felt the loss of the one he mourned or only the loss of something she had taken from him? He was conscious of a sense of relief as if something had been lifted from him.

"I am going to parade my culinary skill and offer you some light refreshment. May I, Miss"—

"My name," she said, smiling and adapting herself to his change of mood, "is Clare Wynthrop."

She looked at him expectantly.

"My name," he said slowly, "is Sherman."

"Will you come to my home some day, Mr. Sherman?" she asked natively after their luncheon of brown bread, cream and fruit.

"I will come tomorrow," he replied.

The following day he drove to her home, his cart filled with lilies. She lived in a rambling brown house, with an oak park in front and an old fashioned garden at the back. Her mother was an invalid.

The following days were passed in pilgrimages to the little grave, in visits to her home and drives in her phaeton. One day he read of a new kind of lily, and he went to the nearest city to buy the bulbs and learn how to nurture them. The florist was away. The artist waited a week for him. When he returned to his little cottage he found a note under the door signed "Clare." The doctor had ordered an ocean voyage for her mother, and they had gone abroad for six months.

He found no light in his lilies now. The next week some workmen came and put skylights in the roof of his tiny dwelling. The passersby concluded he was making a greenhouse. When the work was completed he brought his studio appointments and began to work as unceasingly within as he had without. When his picture was finished he took it to the city. Art critics stood silent before it. It was his masterpiece.

On the day after her return he asked Clare to go with him to an art gallery.

"Did my letter of the 2d reach you?" he asked.

"Yes; just as we were about to sail."

"And did you know what it was I said you had restored to me?"

"I think so," she said.

He led her straight to a picture. She was strangely silent as she gazed upon the picture of a slender girl with trustful eyes. Her arms were full of lilies.

Finally she turned to her catalogue. "The Light of the Lilies—Sherman Wahlenau."

"Oh!" she gasped. "Are you Mr. Wahlenau, the artist?"

"I am, though I was much happier as Sherman, the gardener. But—do you like the picture? Do you mind my having painted you? It is for myself—for my own. It is the harvest of my lilies."

"I know now," she said in a low, sad tone, "what it was you meant I had restored to you. It was the desire to paint."

"No," he protested; "not that. You restored me—faith. No, Clare, I love you, and you only."

"HAVE YOU, TOO, LOST SOME ONE?"

How Animals Climb.

In adapting ourselves to circumstances we might certainly do worse than take a lesson from the animals. For instance, the way in which certain squirrels have adapted themselves to tree climbing is wonderful indeed.

On the undersurface of their tails a group of African squirrels have developed certain structures which may be well compared to the climbing irons used by men. These take the form of transverse rows of large, triangular, horny scales, with their points turned inward. When pressed against the bark of a tree those scales enter the wood and afford material aid in climbing.

Ant eaters have adopted the same principle. They are covered with scales, and they do not fail to make the most of them when climbing.

Certain bats appear to have found their hooklike thumbs and hind feet useful for purposes of suspension. Accordingly they have developed suckers, which, in the form of stalked disks, are attached to the sides of their feet.

Old Time Baseball.

I shall never forget the good times I used to have. Our principal sport was to play ball, but not the kind known as baseball now. That was not heard of at that time. In the old style game we had four stakes, which answered for bases, about four feet high and fifty feet apart. We had a catcher and a man to throw the ball, similar to the pitcher of today. The batter could use a flat bat or anything he wished. The ball was quite soft, and when it was thrown the batter could hit it in any direction he might wish. If he wanted to knock it backward he had that privilege. If he hit the ball he had to run to the first stake, just the same as we run to the first base now. If the ball was caught he was out, but in case it went on the ground and he started to run around the bases the man that got hold of the ball could throw it at him, and if he could only hit him it put him out of the game.—George E. Keith in Huntington School Souvenir Book.

A Slow Thinker.

"My motto," said Chaplaigh, "is always to—aw—think before I speak."

"Indeed!" rejoined Miss Caustique. "And don't you find it difficult to sustain a conversation and live up to your motto at the same time?"—Minneapolis Journal.

BUSINESS METHODS.

The Necessity of Advertising and the Efficiency of Salesmen.

A man may have several carloads of ability. He may have brains and ideas and other desirable things. But all the ideas ever "dented" will not avail to raise a man who neglects that all important item of advertising. You simply must get attention. Of course you can get attention by firing off a revolver during office hours or you can do it by wearing loud clothes and proclaiming your kinship in the sporting fraternity. But most men who have risen from the ranks have carefully neglected to use methods of this kind.

Every office man must act as his own salesman. He must first prepare himself by increasing his efficiency. He must be able to do the work for which he is hired. Not only should he do that for which he is hired, but he must do that work better than it ever was done before. When that item has been attended to it is then time to look about for more work.

The wise employee will keep his eye on the job ahead or, better still, will look at a job which does not exist, but which should exist for the good of the business. The next step is to think out a selling talk that will get the attention, arouse the interest, create a desire and bring about in the mind of the employer a desire to do what the live employee desires him to do.—Book keeper.

FORGOT HIS OWN LINES.

A Quotation That the Poet Campbell Failed to Recognize.

That poets, like other folks, sometimes forget their own creations is shown by an incident related by Sir Frederick Pollock. At a dinner where Thomas Campbell and Lord Nugent were present the conversation drifted from the use of Latin words in English to the impossible verses. Some one expressed a doubt whether two consecutive lines composed of words of one syllable could be found in any language. Lord Nugent at once quoted:

"By that dread name we wave the sword
And swear for her to live—with her to die."

Campbell said he did not believe in the lines and asked where they came from. Lord Nugent said, "From your own 'Pleasures of Hope.'" "How do you know that?" asked the poet. "I know it all by heart," replied Nugent. "I'll bet you a guinea you can't repeat it," said Campbell. The bet was taken and Nugent started shouting. The poet soon got tired and said: "I see you know the poem. Don't go any further." The other insisted upon repeating the whole poem or claiming double stakes, and Campbell paid the extra guinea in order to be spared the recital of the poem which had made him famous—which he had forgotten.—New York Mail.

How to Patch a Canoe.

There are several different "home jingle" methods by which to repair a crack or leak in a canoe. Perhaps the most permanent is varnish or shellac and silk. Put a little varnish over the crack, place a small silk patch over the varnish, letting it dry, then varnish or shellac over the silk. Two coats will be sufficient. If it is a varnished canoe, use white silk, and the patch can hardly be detected, the silk being transparent. This may be put on both inside and outside if necessary. White lead and varnish mixed well and put in the crack is also a good permanent repair. If on a cruise in the woods and without the necessary articles to make a permanent repair, get a little pine gum off the trees, heat and mix a little grease and put over the crack. The grease has a tendency to keep the gum from getting very hard, and it will not break so easily. The silk and shellac repair is the usual remedy for a puncture in a canvas covered canoe.—Recreation.

The Dogs of Turkey.

In the matter of kindness to animals it is said that the Turk cannot be surpassed. Thus at Stamboul the wandering dogs are treated with great gentleness, and when puppies come into the world they are lodged with their mother at the side of the street in improvised kennels made out of old boxes lined with straw and bits of carpet. And frequently when a young Turk happens to be flush of money he goes to the nearest baker's shop and buys a quantity of bread, which he distributes among the dogs of the quarter, who testify their gratitude by jumping up at him with muddy paws and sniffing muzzles.

When Youth Wanes.

Old age has many definitions, and middle age more. But you may take it that you are not really an old man so long as you take an interest in your personal appearance. There is not a nurse who does not know the sign of convalescence—when the patient wants to be shaved and put a good appearance in this world. And so long as the man of sixty can take an interest in the latest tie—and tie it—he is preserving his youth.—London Chronicle.

He Had a Reason.

"I notice you are very cautious in what you say about people."

"Yes."

"Why is this?"

"Well, I ain't prominent enough to claim I was misquoted."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Time Wasted.

Boston Lady—Did you learn anything at the Woman's club? New York Lady—Absolutely nothing. Wish I hadn't gone. I had seen all the gowns before.—New York Life.

IN A MOOTED GROVE

A Tangle That Was Settled In Court and Then Out of Court.

By RICHARD BARKER SHELTON.

[Copyright, 1900, by Associated Literary Press.]

"Well," said Hillis shortly to the gray haired lawyer, who seemed rather bored with the whole matter, "what do you advise?"

The attorney grimaced unpleasantly.

"Rip up this fence, and set it where it belongs—200 yards to the south," said he. "Your deed reads perfectly clear. This fence belongs the other side of the grove. The grove is yours. You've paid for it."

Hillis frowned. "I hate trouble," he observed. "I'm a newcomer here. I don't want to start on my career as owner of this place by antagonizing people."

"Then let it go," said the other disgustedly. "Let 'em put their fences on to your land as much as you please. In a little while, let 'em once get the

"OH!" SHE SAID, LOOKING UP IN EMBARRASSMENT. "OH!"

idea you're an easy mark, and they'll encroach on you right and left."

Hillis straightened himself, and his eyes flashed.

"If it's a matter of precedent"— he began.

"It is," said the lawyer laconically. "I know the crowd round here."

"Very well, then," said Hillis. "I'll have the gardener and some of the men fix this matter up in short order. Back goes the fence where it belongs. Two hundred yards to the south, you say? Good! I'll see it goes there."

"A man may just as well stand up for his rights," the lawyer remarked, "and in this vicinity I know perfectly well what I'm saying when I advise you to keep 'em on your toes at the outset."

Hillis turned on his heel and made his way back toward the house, the lawyer following.

Twenty minutes later Tim, the gardener, was tearing down the offending fence, while two helpers he had inveigled into service were digging post holes for its erection on the other side of the grove.

But next morning Tim, with a lugubrious expression on his homely face, appeared before Hillis, who was lounging in the library of the house he had recently purchased.

"The fence is back, sir," he began—"back just where it was before we tore it down."

"Then take it down once more and set it the other side of the grove," Hillis commanded.

All the morning Tim labored again with his helpers, but at dusk Hillis, walking down to inspect the job, found the fence in its original position.

"Hm!" he mused. "We'll take a hand in this thing personally, I think. Ho, Tim!"

Tim, who was coming through the bushes, hastened his steps.

"You see how it is," said Hillis to his gardener. "Call the men and move it once more. I shall keep an eye on it after you move it this time."

Once again the fence came down and went up again farther to the south. Darkness came on, and Tim and the men worked by the light of lanterns. When the work was done Hillis said curtly:

"I'll stay here now until this matter is settled one way or the other. Bring me down a bite to eat, Tim."

Tim brought the lunch from the house, and Hillis settled himself with his back against a pine to keep his vigil at the fence.

It was nearing 11 o'clock when he heard footsteps and low voices. He arose and strode to the fence. Two men armed with shovels and saws were already starting in on it.

"That fence stays just where it is this time," said Hillis quietly.

"Does it, indeed?" said a quiet voice, and out of the darkness stepped a young woman.

"You have no right to this grove," said the girl. "You, I presume, are Mr. Hillis, who has bought the Armitage place?"

"I am," said Hillis.

"This grove is ours," she went on.

"You are Miss Gray?" Hillis asked.

The girl nodded.

"Permit me to say I am equally sure it is mine," said he. "I have not moved the fence without being very sure of my position."

The girl bit her lips. "If my men move it, what will you do?"

"They aren't going to move it, Miss Gray," said Hillis very quietly.

"There is law in the land. We shall see," she replied. "I am not going to let the men make any trouble now, but the courts shall decide it."

She moved away, followed by the two men, who were muttering angrily.

But Hillis heard nothing more of the fence save a word from his attorney, who informed him the Grays had taken the matter to court and through his own alertness they had lost their case. Hillis grinned and was relieved that the matter was settled.

Some weeks later he strolled down to the mooted grove. He was sitting on a stump when he heard a strange sound to the left—the sound as of some one sobbing. He arose and moved softly in that direction. There, seated on a fallen pine, her face covered with her hands, was Miss Gray.

"Oh!" she said, looking up in embarrassment. "Oh!"

She jumped to her feet and started to move away.

"Miss Gray, just a moment, please," said Hillis, stepping quickly to her side.

Something in his voice made her halt her footsteps, even against her will.

She faced him defiantly. "You'll pardon my trespassing, I trust," she said slowly. "But this grove is very much to me—and—and since we lost it"—

"I didn't understand about it," Hillis said contritely, but the girl was gone.

Next evening, after a busy day at the county seat, Hillis drove over to the Grays'.

He had a tactful little speech all prepared, but somehow, face to face with the girl, the speech took sudden wings.

"I have brought you the deed to that grove," he broke out awkwardly, "and now you must take it and put your fence where it was originally," he hurried on.

"Indeed not," said she. "I couldn't possibly do that. The grove is yours. We are quite wrong in the matter."

Long did Hillis argue, but the girl was obdurate. He walked homeward feeling decidedly like a cad.

However, Hillis, was a persistent mortal, and thereafter he went daily to the Grays', ostensibly to argue with the girl about accepting the grove, but in reality he knew it was something utterly different that took him on his daily errand.

"Now, why," said the girl one evening after some two weeks of this, "why should you be so anxious to give up that grove when you were so anxious to keep it in the first place?"

"Well," said Hillis, with an uneasy laugh, "there's a Scriptural injunction, you know, about loving your neighbor. I believe we are instructed to love our neighbor as ourself. Now, I have gone that injunction one better. I—I love my neighbor, a certain one of my neighbors, very much better than I do myself or anything else in the world. I—I—hang it—I'm rather awkward about saying things, but perhaps you understand."

Her hand rested lightly on his arm, and she was smiling up at him radiantly.

"I'll take the grove now," she laughed softly.

She Finds a Flat.

"Well," said Polly, smiling sweetly as she poured the tea, "I saw a perfectly lovely flat this morning"—

"Oh, nonsense, Polly," said I; "we're not going to move this year. I admit this place isn't any too comfortable and the wall paper in the parlor is the limit, but if we moved the chances are we wouldn't get anything better. All moving would mean would be $47 to a lot of furniture breakers to come in here and smash all our bric-a-brac and make dents in the top of the piano, to say nothing of our having to break in a new janitor and tip a lot of new elevator boys. We stay where we are."

"I've taken it, too," said Polly, apparently paying not the least attention to my observations, "on a long lease."

"What?" I cried indignantly. "Taken a flat on a long lease without consulting me?"

"You asked me to, dear," said Polly demurely.

"I?" I roared.

"Yes, and I told you that in spite of all your faults I loved you still," said Polly, "and so I took you for life—just the dearest old flat there ever was!"—New York Times.

When Knowledge Is Valuable.

The faculty of having one's mind pigeonholed is of great value. Some people have their mental bookcases and storerooms piled up with masses of material, all valuable perhaps in their way, but jumbled up and piled together so that when any one thing is wanted it is not to be had without overhauling ten times as much other material, which, however valuable it may be in itself, has no particular use at the moment of search. Other people can lay their mental hands on any particular fact or fancy at a moment's notice and can keep on pulling out other facts and fancies of the same general character until they have told or found all they know. There is such a thing as an embarrassment of riches in one's mental treasury as well as in matters material.—Exchange.

Favorites.

"What are you going to put in there?" asked his wife.

"Peas, dear," replied the man with the trowel. "Say, if you're going into the house, bring out a can with you. You know—the kind we had for dinner yesterday!"—Puck.

Official Directory

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Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

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State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—H. F. Stanley, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank R. Foster, Smethport.
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Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Aiken, Bradford; W. D. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. E. Anderson, Clermont; A. R. Cory, Coryville.
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County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

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Constable—U. H. Foote.
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Judge of Election—H. S. Hubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

CHARLES W. MASSON, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 384, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WADE REDDICK, N. G.
W. C. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 337, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. F. WETMORE, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

Mrs. F. A. BAKER, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 33, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. GOODHOUSE, Pres.
JESSIE EDMISTACHER, Secretary.

[illegible] Lodge, No. 13, O. [illegible] S.—Meets [illegible] each month in Odd [illegible] Hall.

SAM HAFLE, W. S.
[illegible] GOODHOUSE, Sec'y.

U. K. M.—Meets every Monday at I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree Monday. Warrior's degree and Chief's degree 4th Monday.

M. S. SEARVE.
C. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 2 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Class and prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber [illegible] rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service [illegible] except on first Sunday of each [illegible] School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday school every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—T. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

First Baptist [illegible] Ch.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 2 o'clock. All are invited.

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THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

OVERCOMING HER PREJUDICE.

The Wooing of a Big Man and a Mite of a Woman.

By OLIVE ADAMS.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

He had always declared that he would not marry a small woman. No diminutive creature of scanty stature could ever grace his home.

She, on her part, had been quite sure that she disliked big men. No weighty giant, towering far above her, could ever capture and hold her heart.

Yet fate threw them together, and neither one felt comfortable. They seemed strangely antagonistic one to the other, and yet there was something in their innermost selves that was kin.

He, busy day after day in his law office, found his thoughts and fancies continually, unaccountably, straying to the memory of her delicate head and yet more delicate fingers.

She, painting away, as always, wondered why the recollection of his big frame and strong featured face should haunt her. She, half indignant, tried to conquer the persistent recollection by working harder than ever.

He, in a way wiser, yielded to his strange fancies and paid her a similar call. Her greeting was cordial, but they were long silent.

At last he invited her to take a walk. The dusk was falling. The avenue gleamed with myriad lights, presenting an alluring vista. For nearly an hour they walked, she taking hasty steps to each of the long, swinging strides into which he had naturally and unconsciously fallen. By and by, unnecessarily frightened, she gave a sudden halt.

"There can't be much sympathy between our natures," she said sharply. "They say that people who can't keep step—"

"We won't try your plan any longer. Let's be natural and gang our ain gait!" he said.

"The truest friendships are built on that plan," he answered with meaning, but she was silent.

As for the man, he no longer desired to conquer the new strange fancies. They had [illegible] his quiet glance could [illegible]

But the walk [illegible] other walks followed. [illegible] long, perfect [illegible] Sunday in the country, spelling days in the golden hours and nights after. Night found them [illegible] from the city, far too distant to walk home again. They waited at a little wayside station for the train that should bear them further. Both were silent, wrapped in the dreamy, trancelike happiness that is too dominant for speech. Presently, however, she broke the soft silence with her thrilling laugh.

"What is it, little comrade?" for so he had elected to call her.

"We haven't quarreled once today over keeping step," she said, still smiling. "I wonder what has come over us."

"Love," was his unexpected answer.

But she shrank farther away in the sheltering darkness, and his heart felt a strange chill. The next moment the train rushed noisily down upon them and in the crowded, uncomfortable day coach they occupied they were again silent.

She sat so still beside him that he fancied she was asleep, and her head, on a level with his shoulder, leaned against the red plush seat back. Her pure, clear profile was outlined against the dark window. He watched her with the hungriness of suddenly recognized worship. He did not know that she, wide awake in all but outer seeing, gloried in his glance. She would not, could not, give up her profession for marriage, but still how good it would seem to rest in his love.

And then suddenly there was a wild shriek from the engine, a jarring collision, a horrible, grinding stop and an utter desolation of blackness. She knew that something awful had happened, that she was losing control of her senses, but this was all.

When she opened her eyes the black sky, star studded, impenetrable, was above her. The man of whom had been her last conscious thought came between the sky and her puzzled gaze. Then she saw the long train, dim, shadow-like, uncertain, stretched out darkly before her. She knew that lights flashed about, voices cried, moans shook the silence. And then, with a sharp twinge of suffering, she knew that the wreck had caused her to be injured—that she could not rise. Perhaps—horrible thought!—her spine had been seriously disabled and she would never rise again.

"My darling!" said a voice softly, a voice she knew well, yet had never heard with this strange, wonderful intonation.

A wave of ineffable gladness met and conquered the rising tide of distress and agony. Again she swooned. This time the hospital had been reached before she came to.

For weeks she lay there helpless, facing the terrible uncertainty in regard to her future. There were times when it was feared that her days of activity were over. Through it all he was her constant stay and the rock on which her wavering hopes rested.

To the lonely woman with no living relative his tender, gentle companionship was sweet beyond expression. She was still determined—more than ever determined now that possible invalidism lay before her—never to marry, but she would not allow herself to realize now, and where she was drifting. To have realized and acknowledged the truth would have meant his banishment, speedy and unrelenting, and she simply could not bring herself to face this new and pain filled life without his continual soothing presence. Fate, smiling, took the case in hand.

"I shall not be helpless or even lame," March told him joyously one day after long months of waiting. "But I shall be even smaller than ever, they tell me."

He, who had come outwardly scatheless through the ordeal, smiled as he bent over her.

"Dear love," was his tense whisper, "you will be just as high as my heart."

HER PURE, CLEAR PROFILE WAS OUTLINED AGAINST THE DARK WINDOW.

* * * * *

It was a frail bride, pale, slender, leaning hard upon the arm of her husband lover, who stood at the altar a few weeks later—a bride who looked especially small and dainty beside the big man who had just thankfully claimed her. And into the eyes of this bride, proudly happy in her complete surrender, crept a whimsical gleam as she realized this fact.

MacDowell's "Wild Rose."

In a biography of Edward MacDowell by Lawrence Gilman the writer quotes some of the famous musician's witticisms. On one occasion he had been told of a performance of his composition, "A Wild Rose," played by a high school girl on a high school piano at a high school graduation festivity. "Well," MacDowell remarked, "I suppose she pulled it up by the roots!"

Some one sent him at about this time, relates Mr. Hamilton, a placard of an organ recital at which this same "Wild Rose" was to be played.

"He was not pleased with the idea, thinking doubtless of a style of performance which plays Schumann's "Träumerei" on the great organ diapasons. He remarked simply that it reminded him of a hippopotamus scenting a clover leaf in his mouth."

A member of one of his classes at Columbia, during more absorbed space on the page of his book after finishing the exercise, filled up the [illegible] away with rests. When his book was returned the page was covered with corrections—all except those bars of rests, which were inclosed in a red line and marked:

"This is the only correct passage in the exercise."

Grandmother's Two Fads.

"My grandmother," said the man who was raised on the farm, "was a woman of great determination. One day she was showing grandfather and me how to seize hornets and smash in their skulls between the thumb and forefinger before they could sting—a little trick in which the old lady took great pride. She picked the yellow buzzer off the window shade, the usual faint crushing sound was heard, and the old lady, smilingly held the dead body up for our approval. We showed proper admiration for the feat, but still regretfully preferred to slap the little fellows with a board. Not till several days afterward did we notice the swollen finger and discover that the hornet, by some sort of devilish ingenuity, had managed to sting grandmother.

"She also used to cut up with a hoop all the snakes she could find and feed them to the chickens. Snake meat, especially milk snakes, gave the chicken a peculiarly fine flavor, she asserted. Nothing could contradict this theory, as the fine flavor was there every Thanksgiving day to prove it."—New York Sun.

The Cause of His Awkwardness.

He—At last we are alone and we have an opportunity to speak. I have been seeking this moment for days and days, for I have something to say to you.

She—Go on, Mr. Harkins.

He—I will. Miss Jones, you perhaps have noticed that at times I have been constrained, uneasy, even awkward, in your presence; that I have had something on my mind that I felt I must say to you?

She (softly)—Yes.

He—That constraint, that awkwardness, Miss Jones, was due to—due to—

She—Go on, Mr. Harkins.

He—Was due to the fact that I feared you were not aware that I am engaged to your mother.—Pearson's Weekly.

SUPERSTITIONS.

They Play at Times an Important Role in Human Affairs.

When Sir Charles Napier had conquered Mehemet Ali, he found it impossible to force or coax the wily Egyptian into signing the treaty which only would make his victory effective. He had nineteen interviews with Mehemet, in which the Englishman by turns argued, flattered and threatened his antagonist, who listened day after day with the same immovable, smiling countenance.

One day Sir Charles in speaking of England said casually that it "was governed by a lucky woman." A strange flash passed over the pasha's countenance, but he made no answer. As soon as Napier had gone Mehemet sent for the English consul, who was an Egyptian, and demanded:

"You were in London when the English queen was crowned. Were the omens bad or good?"

"All good."

"You think that good luck is written on her forehead?"

"I did not think upon the matter before, but now that you ask me I believe that it is. When she asked Allah to help her in her work, her eyes ran over. Allah loves the innocent."

"No doubt of that," said Mehemet anxiously. "She must be lucky."

Early the next morning he sent for Sir Charles and signed the treaty. English power and English cannon he could brave, but not "the luck" written upon the forehead of a good woman whom he had never seen.

General Gordon's remarkable influence over the Chinese was in a large degree due, it is stated, to their belief in his extraordinary luck. During the Taiping rebellion he was followed by an army which did not comprehend either his ability or his religious zeal but which believed that he was protected by an invisible being who led them to victory. No sword could wound him or bullet kill. A certain black ebony cane which he carried was supposed to be the magic talisman which brought him victory, and General Gordon was shrewd enough always to carry this cane when he led them into battle.

These superstitions seem absurd to us, but they show that the ignorant men who hold them believe in an invisible power who can give good or ill fortune at his will.—London Truth.

MAN EATING TIGERS.

The Killing Methods of These Terrible Brutes in India.

The theory that a man eating tiger is always an old tiger, more or less toothless and feeble, which has found the strain of catching vigorous wild game too much for its failing strength, has been upset by the unearthing of numerous man eaters which were found to be young animals in the full pride of their powers. And it is likely that the taste for human flesh is passed on from mother to child, the tigress herself a man eater, teaching her cubs to hunt as she hunts. How terrible a thing a man eater may be can be judged from the fact that a tiger generally kills every second night, whether its quarry be man or beast. Having killed, it makes one meal that night, then drags the carcass somewhere into cover and more or less conceals it as a dog may hide a bone. On the next night its habit is to return to the same kill, and it is in that second visit that the hunter usually finds his opportunity. It is not the rule for a tiger to return again a third time, but he [illegible] seemingly [illegible] tires of the caress, which it has already twice mumbled over.

Thus one tiger in India has been known to kill regularly its different native a month with almost mechanical punctuality. Another, which seemingly did not confine itself entirely to human flesh, devoured an average of eighty people, men and women, for several years, while yet another is reported to have killed 127 people and to have stopped traffic on a public road for many weeks. There have been both English sportsmen and native shikaris who have accounted for their hundred tigers and upward, but many a tiger has killed more human beings than any man has ever scored tigers.—London Times.

A Reasonable Request.

"Arabella," said old Billyuns as he finished his dinner, "I am going to ask you to do me a favor. I want you to give your young man—Mr.—Mr. Whatshisname—a message from me."

Arabella blushed and looked down at her plate.

"Tell him," the bluff old millionaire went on, "that I don't object to his staying here and running up my gas bills, but that I do object to his carrying the morning paper away with him when he leaves."—London Answers.

Force of Habit.

"I'm surprised that you should be so interested in watching those silly dudes."

"Force of habit, I guess. I'm president of a real estate improvement company."

"Well?"

"Well, they're a vacant lot."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Lost and Found.

"Found a dollar yesterday."

"Lucky boy!"

"Not so lucky. In stooping to pick it up I dropped and broke my eyeglasses."—Kansas City Journal.

Transposed.

Griggs—The doctor said I must throw up everything and take a sea voyage. Briggs—Got the cart before the horse, didn't he?—Boston Transcript.

THE PRINCE'S HOUR.

When It Arrived It Came to Last a Lifetime.

By S. S. TITSWORTH.

He had been pushing through the tender green underbrush of the forest for some time, following the curves of the sandy little brook, when suddenly he rounded a great oak and saw her sitting on the opposite side of the tiny stream, her hands clasped on her knees and her feet drawn up under her sober brown skirt.

"I beg your pardon," he said, pulling off his hat, "I hope I am not trespassing."

"Oh, everybody trespasses here!" she returned. "These are the palace woods."

"Is the palace very distant from here?" he inquired.

"No," returned the girl; "quite near, but they never come out here."

"They?" And the man raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"The court," said the girl, "the—the princess and her ladies and gentlemen."

"I can understand the ladies not coming perhaps, but the men"— He broke off with a shake of his head and a meaning glance.

The girl smiled. "Do I look as if I came from the court?"

"Your gown doesn't," responded the man, but he wasn't looking at it as he spoke.

"It is a borrowed one," confessed the girl, with a laugh. "You have keen eyes and apparently know something about courts."

"Yes," he admitted, "I am a friend and gentleman in waiting of the Prince of Lubeck-Malvoisie. He is on his way to your court."

"The princess is expecting him," she said. He leaned toward her.

"Tell me," he asked, "is the princess really—really—you know—alluring?"

The corners of her mouth twitched. "Would you have me commit high treason?" she asked in return. He sighed.

"I never could get up much enthusiasm over her myself," concluded the girl, "only you must never, never say I said so!"

"Oh, never!" he repeated impressively. "And if I should be tempted to, you know, I don't really see how I could, for I don't yet know your name."

"That makes it very safe," said the girl, with a satisfied air. "And when do you think the prince will come?"

"He comes tomorrow, probably," he returned. "He is making an easy journey of it."

"Possibly he isn't very enthusiastic about the princess either," said the girl.

"It's a matter of state, you know," explained the man. "But you mustn't betray me, you know, if I keep your confidence."

"I see," said the girl. "How dreadful to be a prince and have to consider the state before one's own preferences!"

"Yes," said the man. "A private gentleman"—

"Like yourself?" interrupted the girl.

"Exactly," he answered—"has so many privileges. For instance, he may steal off and perchance have a sample of paradise in the woods."

"So might a prince," objected the girl, meeting his eyes.

"A prince!" said the man impatiently. "To a prince it remains a sample. He must go on and find the princess. You know—But the private gentleman steps across the brook, so, and hopes that [illegible] may last a lifetime."

The girl drew away, with a little laugh as he sat down beside her on the moss, and pulled her skirt still farther over her feet.

"Paradise will last just as long for the private gentleman as for the prince, this time," she said. "It is nearly over. I must get back to the palace. I shall be missed."

"Well," he said, laughing quietly into her pretty face, "why don't you go?"

"You know perfectly well," said the girl indignantly, and then she, too, laughed.

"Please go away," she said.

"But I thought you were going away," he returned.

"Not till you are quite gone," she affirmed.

"That will be some time hence," he announced. She rested her chin on her hands and looked off across the brook in silence. "I will go on one condition," he said at last.

"Name it," said the girl.

"A kiss," said the man, with a quiet passion, and as she flushed he put his arm about her and laid his cheek against hers for an instant. The girl was passive. As he turned his face and kissed her lips she put him away gently, but firmly.

"That," she said as he stood beside her, "was done like a prince and not like a private gentleman."

He looked down at her with a sudden gravity. "Like the prince, I must be shut out of paradise," he said. "But at least I have had paradise for a moment." And he crossed the brook and disappeared. The girl crept over to where her stockings and buckled shoes lay at the foot of a big tree, plain in sight, and put them on.

It was the next afternoon, and he was wandering listlessly about one of the magnificent dreary audience rooms of the palace, undecided whether to be indignant or amused at the unusual delay in his reception, for he had been waiting fifteen minutes. Suddenly through one of the great doors at the end of the room came the court lady. Today she was in riding dress. She stopped at sight of him.

"You!" she said. "And alone?".

"Not now," he returned, coming toward her. "In paradise, you know, one has the best of company." Then he stopped, for she was courtesying low before him, with demure eyes.

"I beg your pardon," he said blankly.

"It is for me to beg your highness' pardon," she said, "for yesterday."

"How did you know?" he demanded.

"I didn't know at first," she evaded, pulling off one gauntlet. He caught the hand thus bared.

"Has your highness seen the princess?" she asked. He let her hand go.

"I was told that the princess had not yet come in," he returned stiffly. He was very grave, but he took her hand again and lifted it to his lips. "I like you better as a private gentleman," she added mischievously. Then as he bent toward her lips she evaded him, courtesying low again.

"Don't," he said sharply—"don't bow to me. Why should you deny the kiss to the prince that you granted to the gentleman?"

"Your highness knows that," she answered simply. "We were mad yesterday."

"Then I am mad today," he returned. "I feel that it is chronic. Let me be a private gentleman for awhile." She shook her head.

"No," she said, "not so soon. I like to feel that I am talking to a prince. Usually they talk to the princess, you see. This is my hour of triumph, your highness. Perhaps when the princess has transferred her court to Lubeck-Malvoisie—perhaps some day— Are there woods near your place, your highness? For you might be wandering in them. Once a year now—I can imagine that once a year it might be interesting to play at being merely a gentleman."

"Wait," he said. "If the princess honors my suit"— But she interrupted him.

"Do not be afraid," she said. "There are reasons of state, you know."

"Then," he went on, regardless of her artillery, "you must not come with her to Lubeck-Malvoisie."

"Your highness does not want me," the girl said, with a sudden catch in her breath.

"Want you!" he repeated with a groan. "Elaine!" He drew her to the window and stood before her. "One advantage a private gentleman has over his prince is that his love and his honor may go hand in hand. May they not. My honor is the princess; my love she cannot have, for it is yours. But my honor that goes with my hand to the princess. If I were merely a prince I should carry you off with me today. I would make you confess to the paradise you stole in. But I am not merely a prince or a gentleman—I am both—and so you must [illegible]

She had listened with lowered eyes and her under lip caught between her teeth.

"Kiss me goodby," he said hoarsely, "and go. I kissed you yesterday once. I don't even know your name, but I want you to kiss me once again and then go—for heaven's sake, go!" She raised her lips to his, and for a moment he held her in his arms, his cheek against hers. Then he put her away from him, and his glance feasted slowly and hungrily over her.

He stopped back with a sudden exclamation, for the handle of her riding was a heavy gold crown. On the back of the gauntlet she still wore was embroidered a crown, and there were crowns on the gold buttons that fastened the straps of her habit.

"If it please your highness"— She began [illegible] caught her hands and drew her up and toward him.

"How could you?" he said. "Oh, my love, my love!"

"And I may come to Lubeck?" she teased him, letting herself be drawn slowly into his arms. "Is this the princess' hour?"

"No," he returned over her lips against her ear. "This is the prince's hour. And it is going to last a lifetime!"

Model Soldiers.

During the period of the second empire in France the Cent Gardes were one of its sights at the Tuileries. It was hard to distinguish them from statues. Their commander, Colonel Verly, once declared to the Empress Eugenie that "nothing" could make one of his men move when on duty. The empress laid a wager that she would make one of the giants stir. So, with her characteristic impetuosity, she went up to one of the guards and boxed his ears. Not a muscle moved. The empress then acknowledged that Colonel Verly had won the bet and sent a solatium to the soldier, who, however, proudly refused it, saying that he had been sufficiently compensated by the honor of having had his sovereign lady's hand laid on his cheek.

The Divided Uncle.

The group of little girls was standing on the sidewalk when a man passed who was generally disliked by the children of the neighborhood on account of his austere manner and the fact that he always ignored them. When he was out of hearing various uncomplimentary remarks were made and there was some derisive laughter. No one happened to notice that little Agnes was present. Suddenly she was heard from.

"You can just stop talking about that gentleman," she remarked with some heat. "He's as good as you are. He's my half uncle."

"Oh, we forgot," said Ruth hastily. "Besides, we were talking about the other half anyhow. Of course your half is all right."—Woman's Home Companion.

HISTORIC WEAPONS.

Trophies Wrested From the Crusaders Found in the Sudan.

Among the trophies of arms displayed on the walls of Windsor castle one of the most interesting of the long series is a group of weapons and armor sent to Queen Victoria by Lord Kitchener after the Dongola campaign on the upper Nile in 1896.

The trophy consists of a coat of chain mail, a number of spears and a long cross hilted sword. On the straight, steel blade of the sword there is an inscription in odd fashioned letters: "No me saques sin razon. No me envaines sin honor."

The words are Spanish, but the same motto was inscribed on sword blades in the days of chivalry in most of the languages of Europe. Its meaning is the knightly rule for all who bear the sword: Do not draw me without reason. Do not sheathe me without honor.

The weapon was taken from the abandoned camp of Wad Bishara, the dervish general, after the battle of Tamai (Sept. 23, 1888). How came a blade with such a motto to be found in a Moslem hivouac in the heart of the Sudan?

The presence of these crusader swords in the Sudan is not so difficult to explain. In the thirteenth century the Mohammedan caliphs of Egypt not only carried on successful wars against the crusaders in Syria, destroying the last vestiges of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, but also defeated two attempts of the Europeans to invade Egypt itself, one of them led by St. Louis of France.

Enormous quantities of western arms and warlike emblements must have thus passed into the possession of the Mohammedan conquerors.—Chambers' Journal.

BABY TALK.

An Infantile Habit That Sometimes Sticks and Breeds Trouble.

Once in awhile a fair stammering case comes to the laboratory where there's nothing the matter with the child—the matter is with its dear mamma. As Dr. Lightner Witmer explains, it's a bright idea—talking baby talk to a bright, alert youngster, to all appearances normal, that nobody could understand a word but mother, except mamma, she understood it all perfectly. "I saw my boy," was to her ear "I saw my boy," but to a phlegmatic auditor it might be "I saw my toy." It was her tender custom to reply likewise, and she took pride in the thought that she had never hallowed her Willie to associate with the children on the block. She had encouraged him to be her baby and "kept him from growing up too soon" by prattling to him.

Except for his imperfect language, the examination did not reveal a defect, physical or mental, in the boy, and Dr. Witmer was forced to the conclusion that the trouble lay in the persistence of an infantile habit of articulation for which the mother was solely responsible. Through sentimentality and overindulgence she had almost ruined his chance for a useful and possibly successful life. (Psychological echoes, March, 1907.) Months of painstaking expert information had to be expended upon this to break up the habit the mother had carefully developed lest he be told "even legals to make himself understood by any one else.—Dr. Witmer of Yale in Atlantic Monthly Magazine.

Almost Disbelieved Her Eyes.

"Among the memories of my boyhood" said a New York man, "there is one anecdote in particular which I recall with peculiar vividness. It is a conversation that I overheard one morning between two women in the district high school between two women.

"The women were talking about babies—their size, weight, health, and so forth.

"'Why, when I was a week old,' said the first woman, 'I was, they tell me, a little baby that they put me in a quart pot and put the lid on over me.'

"The other woman was amazed and horrified. 'And did you live?' she asked.

"'They say I did,' her friend answered.

"'Well, well, well!' exclaimed the second woman. And she glanced at the other [illegible]

In the Wrong Place.

A [illegible] Welsh orator named Jones was pretty successful in bantering an Irishman, when the latter asked him:

"How did you come to lose your leg?"

"Well," said Jones, "on examining my pedigree and looking up my descent I found there was some Irish blood in me, and, becoming convinced that it was settled in the left leg, I had it cut off at once."

"By the powers," said Pat, "it would have been a very good thing if it had only settled in your head!"—London Mail.

The Fool.

He was a noble lord, and he was in an awful rage with one of his footmen.

"It is unbearable!" he exclaimed.

"Are you a fool, or am I?"

"Oh, my lord," replied James, with humility, anxious to appease the great man, "I am sure you would not keep a servant who was a fool."

The Greatest Inventor.

Teacher—Who is the greatest inventor? Shaggy Haired Pupil—Pat Pending, I guess. I see his name on more inventions than I do any other man's.—Chicago Tribune.

A person who talks with equal vivacity on every subject excites no interest in any.—Hazlitt.

Ancient Greek Training.

The manner in which the Athenians brought up their children is worth remembering. At seven years of age the Athenian lad entered the palestra, which was essentially a playground. All the first and better half of the day was spent in gymnastics, dancing, games and play. In the afternoon there were singing, some writing, some reading, all in the open air, and then came a long period of play again. Such was the schooling of the Greek lad up to the age of ten or eleven, and it did not differ essentially up to the age of sixteen, except in the severity of the exercises. And yet the world has not ceased to marvel at the results of the Greek education. It produced the highest type of man, physically and intellectually, that the world has ever seen, which Galton says was as far in advance of the modern Englishman as the modern Englishman is in advance of the native African. In physical beauty, courage and patriotism, in philosophy, literature, architecture and art, the Greeks have been the unsurpassed models of the ages and are still the inspiration of our schools today. But they placed the emphasis upon hygiene, exercise, games and play, which are too much neglected in these days.—Kansas City Star.

Geographical Knowledge in 1492.

But very little was known in regard to the extent of the world in Aristotle's day, in the fourth century before Christ, and but very little more was known about it 1,800 years later, in the time of Columbus. In 2,000 years the world had in reality retrograded rather than advanced. It was the popular belief in the time of Columbus that the world was flat, though many contemporary scholars thought differently. The great civilizations of the world at that time were grouped around the Mediterranean sea, although England was a considerable power and the Scandinavians were a great maritime people. But Europeans at that time knew but little of Asia and but little of Africa, and America, of course, was undreamed of. Even after Columbus had discovered the latter continent he was perfectly oblivious of the fact. He thought Haiti was Cipango or Japan and for a long time regarded Cuba as a part of the mainland of Asia.

A Famous All Potato Banquet.

One of the most remarkable menus ever drawn up must have been that of the feast in Paris to which Benjamin Franklin, Lavoisier, the founder of modern chemistry, and other distinguished men sat down as guests of Parmentier. Every dish at this banquet was made of potatoes, and even the brandy and liqueurs were the product of the same vegetable. This was Parmentier's final proof to his shepherd fellow countrymen that potatoes were not poison, as they persisted in believing. Louis XVI. himself was one of Parmentier's earliest converts, granted him land on which to grow his plants and did not disdain to wear the potato flower as a buttonhole. Then Parmentier cleverly posted guards round his potato fields by day and withdrew them by night, so that people were tempted to come then, steal, eat and be convinced. The all potato banquet was the climax of the great campaign.—Chicago News.

Horses in Pantaloons.

"Equine sunbonnets are very well," said a veterinary, "but what would you say to equine trousers? You'll see them in Guayaquil. There the mosquitoes and greathead flies are so thick that horses and donkeys, unless their legs are cased in cloth, become unmanageable with the pain. Guayaquil is in Ecuador. It is directly under the equator. The heat there is insufferable. Up and down its narrow and foul smelling streets in bluish clouds of buzzing insects walk horses and donkeys in sunbonnets and pantaloons."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

No Accent.

Many stories are told of a former Canadian bishop who had passed his youth in Scotland, but flattered himself that not a hint of his origin could be gained from his speech or manner.

One day he met a Scotchman, to whom he said at last abruptly, "Hoo lang hae ye been here?"

"Aboot sax years," was the reply.

"Hoots, mon!" said the bishop sharply. "Why hae ye na lost yer accent, like mysel'?"

It Didn't Work.

"I haven't anything fit to wear," she said.

"Neither have I," he replied. "Let's stay at home."

Taken up thus, there was nothing for her to do but hurry and get ready.—Buffalo Express.

The Chump.

Miss Gell-Thayer—Do you know, Mr. Slowboy, you remind me of the Venus de Milo.

Mr. Slowboy—But I've got arms.

Miss G.-T.—Have you really?—Boston Transcript.

Time and Life.

What we call time is but a single sun ray thrown across the infinite void of eternity, and life is but a floating flicker or mote that vanishes even as it becomes visible thereon.—Exchange.

Perhaps.

"Who was it said that art was long?"

"I don't remember now, but I think it must have been somebody who was trying to learn to fiddle."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Half a man's wisdom goes with his courage.—Emerson.

The Coughing Bean.

To the ordinary housemaid the falling of a house plant into a violent paroxysm of coughing is naturally disconcerting. Yet there are plants which will do this when the broom or the duster begins to make dust fly. This singular plant is the "coughing bean," known to the botanist as the Eutada tussilens. It is a native of warm and moist tropical countries and cannot and will not stand dust. When dust settles upon the breathing pores in the leaves of this plant and clothes them a gas accumulates inside the leaves and, when it gains sufficient strength forcibly "blows off," clearing the pores of dust and making a sound exactly like coughing. At the same time the leaves tremble and the plant actually "gets red in the face" through the shifting of the green chlorophyll grains and the appearance of red particles on the leaves. This plant is sometimes used as a house plant, and sweeping the room sets it coughing, to the intense astonishment of persons not familiar with its peculiarities.—London Chronicle.

Paid For the Kiss.

Lord Northcote was once guilty of curious use of while governor general of Australia, says London M. A. P. Strolling one night through an avenue of somber trees to a friend's house to dinner, he was suddenly pounced upon by a maidservant, who kissed him effusively and pressed a little parcel into his hand. "Here's a sausage for you I can't come out tonight, as master has company," she whispered and as mysteriously disappeared. When he got to the house he found one of his servants loitering by the gate. "What are you doing there?" asked Lord Northcote. "I'm waiting for my sweetheart," the man stammered. "Where is she?" "In service here." "Ah, then, I am right. Here is a sausage from your sweetheart and she wishes me to tell you that she cannot come out tonight, as her master has company," Seeing that the man looked nervous, he added kindly: "She also gave me a kiss for you, but perhaps you would rather wait until you see her. Here is 5 shillings instead."

Round About Dorking.

The neighborhood of Dorking, where George Meredith lived, has many literary associations independent of its connection with that famous novelist. It was at Burford Bridge, near Dorking, that Keats completed "Endymion" in November, 1817; close by, at the Rookery, was born Father Mathias, the popular economist, and at West Humble Frances Burney, after her marriage with General d'Arblay, built Camilla cottage with profits of her novel of that name, and settled down. Sheridan resided at Polesden and John Stuart Mill at Mickleham; while other illustrious residents in the locality in earlier times were John Evelyn and Daniel Defoe. To most people, however, the chief literary association of Dorking is with Dickens, for was it not at the Marquis of Granby's, variously identified with the White Hart and the Old King's Head, that Mr. Weller, Sr., made the fatal blunder of proposing to a "vidder?"—Westminster Gazette.

English Difficult to Pronounce.

The difficulty of English for strangers does not lie in its orthography, but in its pronunciation. Abroad people will constantly say that they can read and write English readily, while unable to utter a word or to understand a word of the spoken language, as, of course, vice versa, a great many English and Americans can read and write French long before they can understand or make themselves understood. The other languages are just as difficult for them to pronounce as English is for others. The only difference is that English stands alone with its system or lack of system of pronunciation. When a Frenchman knows how to write German he is at the same time able to speak the language, if not beautifully, at least so as to be understood. The same holds for a German speaking French.—Professor Albert Schinz in North American Review.

The Battle of the Nations.

The conflict called the "Battle of the Nations" was the battle of Leipsic. It was fought on Oct. 16-18, 1813, between the soldiers of Russia, Prussia, Austria, Sweden, Denmark and Holland, under Schwartzenberg, on the one side, and Napoleon's army of allies, on the other. It was one of the greatest battles of modern times. A half million of men were engaged, and the casualties on both sides were 94,000. It resulted in overwhelming defeat for Napoleon and the liberation of Germany. Troops from every nation of Europe participated in it, hence the "Battle of Nations."

Over the Limit.

Husband (reading from his paper)—Here, they say, is a comet coming toward the earth, traveling at the rate of a million miles a minute. Wife (awaking from a doze)—Why don't they enforce the speed laws better?—Baltimore American.

It Makes a Difference.

In Lever's "Charles O'Malley" the hero's boast while on his way to a duel, "I can break the stem of a wineglass at fifteen paces," was met by his friend and mentor with the comment, "Yes, but the wineglass hasn't a pistol in its hand."

Fate.

"They used to say I was a man with a future."

"And now?"

"Now they refer to me as a man with a past. Wish I could have a present office."—Cleveland Leader.

SUN PRANKS.

Irregularities For Which Science Cannot Altogether Account.

The sun is generally looked upon as a model of regularity which never fails in its duty, but the ancient historians mention several instances when it failed to give forth its usual amount of heat and light for periods varying from three hours to several months. Data on the subject have been compiled by the St. Louis Republic.

According to Plutarch, the year 44 B. C. was one in which the sun was "weak and pale" for a period approximating eleven months.

The Portuguese historians record several months of diminished sunlight in the year 934 A. D., and, according to Humboldt, this uncanny period ended with "strange and startling sky phenomena, such as loud atmospheric explosions, rifts in the vaulted canopy of blue above and in divers other rare and unaccountable freaks."

In the year 1091, on Sept. 28, says Humboldt's "Cosmos", the sun turned suddenly black and remained so for three hours and did not regain its normal condition for several days.

According to the noted Helmuth's "Solar Energy," the days of seeming inactivity on the part of the sun (the days following the sudden blackening of the great orb) were noted for a peculiar greenish tinge and are marked in old Spanish, French and Italian records as "the days of the green sun."

February, 1109 A. D., is noted in the annals of marvelous phenomena as a month in which there were several days that "the sun appeared dead and black, like a great circular cinder floating in the sky."

"On the last day of February, 1206," says an old Spanish writer on astronomy, astrology and kindred subjects, "the sun appeared suddenly to go out, causing a darkness over the country for about six hours." In 1241 the European countries experienced another siege of supernatural darkness, which the superstitious writers of that time attributed to God's displeasure over the result of the great battle of Liegnitz.

Even today there are certain irregularities of the sun that science cannot altogether account for. These are the so called sun spots—enormous dark splotches which appear from time to time on the solar disk and which are supposed to have great influence on the atmospheric conditions of the earth. Scientists have long studied these phenomena, but neither their extent nor periodicity has ever been determined.

MEXICAN HOTELS.

They Close Early, and Guests Out Late Must Tip the Porter.

"I'm glad to be back in the land of the hatchkeys," said a mining engineer who had been in Mexico for the past year. "In France, Spain, Italy and throughout Latin America there is a servant in every house and hotel whose business it is to open the door. In Mexico you would think, being so near this country, that the American hatchkey would be common. But even in the finest hotels in the capital the big doors are closed at 11 o'clock, and to gain admittance after that hour you have to pound on them with the great knockers that hang outside. After five minutes you hear a sleepy grunt within, then some mutterings and the Spanish word which means, 'I'm coming.' Finally the small door in the center of the big one will be unbarred, and you step inside. Then if you don't want to sleep in the park the next night you are kept out late you give the 'portero,' as the keeper of the gate is called, a piece of silver. Between 11 and midnight the fee is 10 cents. From 1 on until morning the gratuity, regulated by custom, steadily increases. Between 1 and 3 it is from 25 to 40 cents, and after 3 it is half a dollar.

"Many a night I have been awakened by the pounding of the knockers in the neighborhood of my hotel. I timed one man for ten minutes before I fell asleep. Probably he had neglected to fee the 'portero' or else the keeper of the gate was drunk, as he frequently is. These 'porteros' usually sleep curled up in blankets just inside the door on the stones with which every interior courtyard and entrance is paved, and all of them have colds. Yet it is a position much sought after, and the gatekeeper ranks highest among the servants."—New York Press.

The Honeymoon.

The honeymoon has no definite duration, but is longer or shorter according as the temper of the high contracting parties determines, or their relatives, or the weather, or the mode or the comparative cost of traveling and staying at home. Briefly, it is that interval during which the man, going out in the morning, remembers his kiss and forgets his overshoes as distinguished from the interval during which he remembers his overshoes and forgets his kiss.—New York Life.

Pluck.

"Pluck," said the financier, "is the secret of success."

"Well," interrupted the shabby man, "I'll give you £10 if you'll teach me your method of plucking."—London Telegraph.

Slow to Laugh.

The Briton—As the old proverb says, y' know, "He lawfs best who lawfs lahst." The Yankee—If that's so, what good laughers you English must be!—Cleveland Leader.

To deal honestly with others is not so difficult. To compel others to deal honestly with you—that is power.—Smart Set.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Rev. Charles E. Bingham, pastor of the Church of the Eternal Hope Bradford, has tendered his resignation to become effective, September 15. He has accepted a call to the Universalist church at Herkimer, N. Y.

—Henry Vandergrift, an employe of the Kane Window Glass Co. fell down a swing hole with a ball of molten glass at that company's plant in Kane Friday and was badly cut and bruised. The timely assistance of fellow workmen saved him from being burned to death.

—The first shipment of the ten million pound government order of dynamite to be used for the construction of the Panama Canal was made by the Keystone Powder Co. of Emporium last week. The shipment consisted of 1,017,000 pounds and required a special train of 21 cars to haul it.

—A sample of the Standard Oil company's new "petrol butter" has been received by State Dairy and Food Commissioner James Foust at Harrisburg. The sample looks about as much like butter as common vaseline. What is true of the looks is true of the taste. The sample came from New England where the product is sold widely as a substitute for lard. It consists, says Food Commissioner Foust, of 80 per cent. vaseline, 2 per cent. salt, and 10 per cent. corn starch. Under the Gerberich lard law, passed last winter, the petrol butter can be sold in Pennsylvania under the plain label of "imitation lard," or "bad substitute."—Ex.

When Her Turn Came.

The Journal had taken on a "woman editor," whose duty was to look after the "woman's page." Since being squared in the "local room," a desk was given her in the managing editor's room, directly adjoining. For a week or two no fault was found with her work, but one morning the managing editor said to her:

"Miss Penfield, your style of writing is a little too terse and epigrammatic for the needs of your department. You must study expansion."

"Very well, Mr. Ringgold," she answered, "I will try."

Thereafter her work appeared to give entire satisfaction, for there was no further criticism. About six months later, however, the managing editor, after a morning spent in working at his desk suddenly wheeled in his chair and said:

"Miss Penfield, I want a wife. I want you. Will you marry me?"

"Mr. Ringgold," she responded, with a shocking stable, "that is rather terse and epigrammatic. Don't you think you ought to study expansion a little?"—Youth's Companion.

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